SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 33.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1832

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Where is fashionable society? what has become of the *haut ton?* whither have they fled? No one can tell.—The Springs—Ballston, Lebanon—the Sea Shore—all—all are without the usual gay, lively, brilliant and beautiful spirits.

The Cholera has produced, continues the Courier, terrible havoc in fashionable society. Its irruption in Canada threw the gay world into spasms, but its actual bona fide appearance at the Five Points and thereabouts, has annihilated them entirely. How few of our splendid dashers now perambulate Broadway! how few of those gay equipages roll over the pavements and seek the retreats of Bloomingdale. Cholera litters and Cholera patients are all the go.

The whole fashionable world of New-York has left the city some time since, and no one can tell whither they have gone. They have left their habitations a prey to rats, mice, and other respectable citizens of the lower orders. The last new novel is laying on the work table, unread and uncut—the last new song lies on the piano forte unrolled and untried—the last new dress is however taken away, but no one can tell whither. Scandal, killing reputations and tearing character to tatters, are unaccountably in a state of perfect abeyance. The waltz is still—the song is hushed—the galopade is in the dismals—the mazourka gone to the mountains.

We hear it is said that scarce a pleasant farmhouse exists within fifty miles of New-York, that is not stuffed with fashionable boarders, at $2 87½ a week, washing included. Every old country seat is brushed up and tenanted with the votaries of the ball room. The gay young creatures that formerly danced at Congress Hall, or perpetrated *jeux d'esprits* at Ballston, are now quietly reclining on benches by the side of inglorious streams—botanizing in some silent vale between hills—or counting over their fingers or their conquests by the foot of some cherry tree.

The Cholera is a dreadful malady—but if it makes the lower classes sober—and the upper classes think, what great good will it not produce! We are now in the very crisis of the pestilence Its visits to every place it favors with its company, last generally about six weeks—three of those we have past. We desire the gay people of the city who are spread over the country to be of good cheer—to employ their leisure moments in looking up information—to study the habits of the country—to examine and see for themselves how the cows are milked—the lands taken care of—hay made—the grain reared, &c. It will do them no harm and may do them a little good hereafter. We cannot close without the usual Cholera advice—be temperate, be prudent, eat meat, drink Port, clothe warm, and as the great Doct. Broussais would say—don't marry till the Cholera is gone

KISSING AND SAILOR'S RIGHTS.

I related, in the last chapter, an adventure with an Irish Guineaman, whose cargo my right honorable captain converted to the profitable uses of himself and his country. Another of these vessels had been fallen in with by some of our cruizers, and the commander of his Majesty's sloop, the *Humming-bird*, made a selection of some thirty or forty stout Hibernians to fill up his own complement, and hand over the surplus to the Admiral! Short-sighted mortals we all are, and captains of men-of-war are not exempted from human imperfection! How much, also, drops between the cup and the lip! There chanced to be on board of the same trader two very pretty Irish girls of the better sort of boarders; they were going to join their friends at Philadelphia. The name of one was Judy, and of the other Maria. No sooner were the poor Irishmen informed of their change of destination, than they set up a howl loud enough to make the scaly monsters of the deep seek their dark caverns. They rent the hearts of the kind hearted girls; and when the thorough bass of the males was joined by the sopranos and trebles of the women and children, it would have made Orpheus himself turn round and gaze. "Oh, Miss Judy! Oh, Miss Maria! would you be so cruel as to see us poor craturs dragged away to a man-of-war, and not for to go and spake a word for us? A word to the captain wid your own pretty mouths, nodoubt he would let us off." The young ladies, though doubting the powers of their own fascinations, resolved to make the experiment. So begging the Lieut. of the sloop to give them a passage on board to speak with his captain, they added a small matter of finery to their dress, and skipped into the boat like a couple of mountain kids, caring neither for the exposure of themselves nor the spray of the salt water, which, though it took the curls out of their hair, added a bloom to their cheeks, which perhaps contributed in no small degree to the success of their project. There is something in the sight of a petticoat at sea that never fails to put a man into a good humor, provided he be rightly constructed. When they got on board the *Humming bird*, they were received by the Captain. "And pray young ladies," said he, "what may have procured me the honor of this visit?" "It was to beg a favor of your honor," said Judy. "And his honor will grant it too," said Maria—"for I like the look of him." Flattered by this little shot of Maria's, the Captain said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than to oblige the ladies; and if the favor they intended to ask was not utterly incompatible with his duty, that he would grant it. 'Well then,' said Judy, 'will your honor give me back Pat Flanagan, that you have pressed just now?' The Captain shook his head. 'He's no sailor, your honor; but a poor bog-trotter; and he will never do you any good.' The Captain again shook his head. 'Ask me anything else,' said he, 'and I will give it you.' 'Well, then' said Maria, 'give us Felim O'Shaughnessy?' The Captain was equally inflexible. "Come, come, your honor' said Judy, 'we must not stand upon trifles, now-a-days. I'll give you a kiss, if you will give me Pat Flanagan.' 'And I another,' said Maria, for Felim.' The Captain had one seated on each side of him—his head turned like a dog-vane in a gale of wind; he did not know which to begin with; the most ineffable good humor danced in his eyes, and the ladies saw at once that the day was their own. Such is the power of beauty, that this lord of the ocean was fain to strike to it. Judy laid a kiss on his right cheek; Maria matched it on his left; the Captain was the happiest of mortals. 'Well, then,' said he, 'you have your wish; take your two men, for I am in a hurry to make sail.' 'Is it sail ye are after making,' and do ye mane to take all these pretty craturs away wid ye?' No, faith, another kiss, *and another man.*' I am not going to relate how many kisses these lovely girls bestowed on this envied Captain. If such are Captain's perquisites, who would not be a Captain? Suffice it to say, they released the whole of their countrymen, and returned on board in triumph. The Lord Chancellor used to say, he always laughed at the settlement of pin money, as ladies were generally either kicked out of it, or kissed out of it; but his Lordship, in the whole course of his legal practice, never saw a Captain of a man of war kissed out of forty men by two pretty Irish girls. After this, who would not shout 'Erin go bragh!"

A SPORTING EXCURSION.

A lover of nature, and of nature's amusements, in a letter to the Editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Bulletin, gives a lively and interesting description of the scenery, &c. which fell under his observation during a recent journey through the northern section of Pennsylvania—a region in which nature appears arrayed in her rudest yet by no means least attractive garb, and which, in its general characteristics of ruggedness and sterility, resembles more nearly the rougher portions of New-England than the usually fertile plains of Pennsylvania. He writes from Nagleville, in Wayne county, and the scenes which he describes and the incidents which he relates are connected with the vicinity of that place.

"We left the forks of the Philadelphia and Great Bend Turnpike and North and South Road, (50 miles north of Easton,) and pursued the road to the north-west, intending to kill a buck before breakfast, on our way to the village of Nagleville. It was scarcely a moment before a buck and two does bounded across the road with such rapidity that I had no time to collect my thoughts, which were wandering on the blue mountains, the lakes, and the valley. The woodsman who had accompanied us on our morning excursion, levelled his rifle, and not troubling himself to wait, city fashion, until the game had gone by, he fired. The aim of these men is seldom disappointed, and the case with which he brought the buck to the ground fully persuaded me of the truth an observation which I have frequently made, that woodsmen might be in time of war, if properly disciplined. Their general character is that of bold, fearless, and honest men.

It would be of little interest to you to detail our adventures until we arrived at Nagleville, five miles above the forks; the whole can be embraced in a few words. Game of all kinds rising from the woods on the roadside: flocks of wild pigeons starting from every hollow. Creeks falling over eminences forty feet in height, and tumbling in romantic beauty across our path, all tending to impart an interest to the scene, which you must visit to feel in its full extent.

Nagleville is now in our view, and a beautiful place it is truly. It has sprung up like the work of magic in the centre of a fertile forest, within the space of a few years, and stands an evidence of what enterprise, in a country unshackled by an arbitrary government, can effect.

* * * * * * *

The lake, distant from the village about a quarter of a mile, and covering perhaps 300 acres of land, with the Tohihanna creek, which winds through the village, decided us upon remaining a week at Nagleville. It is a spot where the genuine fisherman might spend his days in contentment; and the sportsman, whose delight is in grouse-shooting, furnish his table with a few minutes' trouble.

Several fine boats lay immediately below the house; so, selecting one, we commenced our career as trout fishermen; the power of the stream carried us to a place where it becomes narrow and swift, and where the over-shadowing forest furnished a cool retirement from the heat of the day. Let the imagination of the fisherman accompany the description; let him bring before his mind those creeks which he has visited and considered well stored with fish; and then let him be assured that such streams can be nothing in comparison with this creek, the supplies of which are as plentiful as if never troubled by a sportsman. The surface of the water seemed alive with trout, eight or ten springing above the surface at one time within a few yards' distance, after their accustomed food, the common creek fly. It is with a hook covered with feathers in imitation of a grasshopper that the sportsman fishes in this stream, and in a few minutes he finds himself amply rewarded for his toil. The trout, for size and quality, I have seldom seen equalled and never surpassed. Some of our party employed themselves in watching the giddy fly sailing over the surface of the water followed on a sudden by the trout, which springs upon its prey and seldom fails of success. These efforts impart to this mode of fishing a peculiar interest, and enliven the tranquil scene.

Further up the stream, after our return to the village, the scenery becomes more grand; large rocks start up on each side, the creek becomes more rough and troubled, when, leaving the boat and clambering up the rocks, you behold a cataract of 60 or 70 feet in height tumbling over the eminence and foaming on as it rolls over a series of falls several hundred feet high, taken together. With such scenery this country abounds, and such views the progress of settlements is almost daily opening to the eye of the traveller.

Among the numerous objects of interest of which Nagle's tract boasts, I have only leisure at this time to enumerate one more, and that must be brief. The lake to which I have already referred lies to the east of the village, and the back end remains, as in a state of nature, hidden from the rising sun by a thick forest. This is the resort of deer for water early in the morning and at night-fall, and here the hunter lies in wait for them and attacks them as they approach.

Our party filled two of the boats which are kept on the lake for the purpose, and we launched out upon its glassy surface, undisturbed by a single ripple, as soon as the sun was disappearing from the horizon. The sportsmen in one of the boats amused themselves in catching perch, while they were paddled silently towards the eastern extremity of the lake. On a sudden the signal was given for perfect stillness, and leaving the middle of the lake, we paddled nearer to the shore and then along it, still keeping off about rifle shot; here we made a halt, when we had arrived nearly opposite one of the deer-licks, or spots where they come for water.—At a noise in the forest every gun was raised, when seven or eight deer rushed from the bank into the lake. To say that our sportsmen did their duty would be superfluous.

The change from the roar of the cataracts and the troubled waters of the creek to the silence and smoothness of this beautiful lake just at night-fall, with every thing around us to inspire tranquility and pensiveness, was, to say the least, pleasing. Our party did not disturb the silence, except with the stroke of the paddles, until we reached the middle of the lake, where the rising moon was distinctly visible over the distant mountains. Now the silence was disturbed by music from the boat behind us, which was yet in the shade. It was our host, playing on the bugle the Hunter's Chorus, which, with the noise of the cataract in the distance, and the rising moon and beautiful scenery around, produced the finest effect I ever witnessed. Here, thought I, in unison with our party, should I like to make my home; here is found just sufficient civilization to render the forest a delightful residence. The hours that are here spent for pleasure and recreation in the favorable season, whether by the trout fisherman, deer hunter, or grouse shooter, can never be forgotten. Memory will still wander back to Nagleville and the surrounding country, and dwell upon the beautiful scenery of the spot with constant admiration."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Bulletin.

TROUT-FISHING.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last paper you gave an animated description of pond salmon trout fishing, which so roused my piscatory reminiscences as to induce me to take down some notes on river trout fishing, and offer them to you for publication. I cannot reach the lively style of the correspondent of the Sporting Magazine, but shall give them in that of one who (no cause for boasting) can wield a fishing-rod with more dexterity than his pen.

My predilections are altogether for artificial fly-fishing, considering it at once the tidiest, most ingenious and interesting kind of amusement in the line, and requiring peculiar tact, which all cannot learn, even from experience.

Accompany me then, if you please, to a fine gurgling, purling river—when I speak of a river, think not I mean your muddy, mammoth torrents, but a beautiful stream, whose waters are generally as clear as crystal, whose banks are all in a state of fine cultivation, and itself of such depth as can be passed from side to side as sun, wind, streams and pools may require.

Let us now undo our walking-stick, screw the joints securely into each other, and there is a fishing-rod from 16 to 18 feet in length, in all its tapering symmetry, at the smaller end of which is a piece of whalebone, of ten inches in length, the end of which is not larger than a stout knitting-needle. The wheel is fixed, the line passed through the rings, the flies, dressed on a single horse-hair, all in order, and all drawn through the water to moisten and give them pliability.

According to the season, and the day, the color of the flies must be chosen—the red and black heckle, the wing, the silver broy, &c. &c. and now comes the first throw into a pool—the water is too calm and clear; there is no ripple on the surface; light as are the fly and the hair-line, still a little ripple is observable as they fall on the water—this will not do. Off then to the current—again gently descends the line—bob, bob, dance the two or three artificials along the surface—briskly springs up one of the smaller fry, and making a great dash and splutter (alas! how emblematic of the young human fry!) ends by being deposited in the basket.

The sport is now begun. Repeatedly and regularly descends the alluring deceiver, and almost as often is the prey brought dancing along the surface of the water, late as it was, whatever should come on it. Rover snuffed and growled, run forward a little on the track, then come whining back to his master, and crouched between his legs.—"Get out, you sneak," says Uncle Samuel. Rover took the track again, but soon returned behaving like a coward, as he did afore, and trying every way to turn his master from the track. "Get home, then, you cowardly villain," says Uncle Sam, and the dumb brute, finding it was all in vain, left him at last and went home alone.

By this time it begun to grow dusk, but Uncle Samuel wasn't the man to flinch when the spunk was up. May be he felt a little circumflustered, as you may suppose, but he never would own it any how. He moved straight ahead—his rifle cocked, and his eye as keen as a hawk after a turkey-buzzard.—He stuck to it like grim death clinching a door nail, when, all of a suidey, he come chuck up aginst a ledge of rocks. Here the track took a turn to the left, and winding round the corner of the rock, entered a hole beneath it. Uncle Samuel looked in, and heerd a most an awful noise, but could not see no sign of any thing. The critter kept growling louder and louder, but Uncle Sam was not to be frightened so easy as that comes to. Now, my lad, says he, I guess I've got you penned up, and if I don't find out what you are made of, may I be shivered into shoe-strings. The hole was just big enough for a man to shove in end-ways.—Uncle Sam looked pretty cute at the priming of his rifle, and then in he slides, feet foremost, on the flat of his back, holding his rifle on his breast ready to let fly in the twinkling of a jiffy.

He had just got his head fairly into the hole when he spies the critter, a tearing up the ground and yelling like a young airthquake. But Uncle Sam didn't tremble a single shiver, for he was a most resolute fellow when the spunk was up, I tell ye. It was as dark as the bottom of a meal-bag, but Uncle Sam could see the critter's eyes that burned like two coals of fire. He took aim right between 'em just as the tarnal varmint was going to make a spring at him, and let fly,—but whether the critter was shot, or Uncle Sam was shot, it was a long while afore he knew. At last, he seemed to wake from a kind of dream, and found all still, and himself a laying there in the dark on the flat of his back all in a cold shiver.

Well, you see, when the neighbors met to continue their hunting next morning, they assisted Uncle Sam in hauling out the animil, which proved to be the biggest painter ever known in them parts. Uncle Samuel was too proud to say a word; but he looked as much as to say, *beat that if you can.*"

HOW TO KILL A PANTHER.

[A traveller, who finds himself on a cold winter night just delivered from the confinement and frigidity of a stage-coach, and transferred to the more grateful atmosphere of a tavern among the Green Mountains, there listens to the following story from one of the party assembled in the bar-room.]

"I move for another story," says one of the company. "Well, then," says another, "I vote that Joe Beadle tells a story, or pays a mug of flip all round." "Well," says Joe, "rather than have you all put out about it, I'll try to, thof I ha'nt no knack at telling a story; howsomever, if I shouldn't get through with it, may be that 'ere stranger will go snacks in the flip.

You all knew Uncle Samuel,—Well, I'll tell you how he shot a painter onst. I wish Uncle Samuel, that went to his long home four years and nine days ago last thanksgiving, was here to tell you the story himself—la, I've heerd him tell it till I was all over goose-pimples, and my hair would stand on end like brussles on a hog's back. It was in the airly settlement of Old Connecticut, as they call it now. The neighbors all turned out on a hunting match, and Uncle Samuel amongst the rest.

After hunting all day, they met towards sunset at a place agreed on; and here, after counting the game and laughing a little at Uncle Sam, who had not shot so much as a chipmunk the whole day, they agreed to meet at the same spot next morning, and then every man struck a bee-line for home. Uncle Sam steered off, pretty cheap. He felt most mortally beat about it, not because he valued being laughed at, but because he could not help it any how.

He had not gone fur, when he seen a track that was not like any track he ever seen afore. Uncle Sam was all alive in a minute, —he detarmined to follow the track, late as it was, whatever should come on it. Rover snuffed and growled, run forward a little on the track, then come whining back to his master, and crouched between his legs.—"Get out, you sneak," says Uncle Samuel. Rover took the track again, but soon returned behaving like a coward, as he did afore, and trying every way to turn his master from the track. "Get home, then, you cowardly villain," says Uncle Sam, and the dumb brute, finding it was all in vain, left him at last and went home alone.

By this time it begun to grow dusk, but Uncle Samuel wasn't the man to flinch when the spunk was up. May be he felt a little circumflustered, as you may suppose, but he never would own it any how. He moved straight ahead—his rifle cocked, and his eye as keen as a hawk arter a turkey-buzzard.—He stuck to it like grim death clinching a door nail, when, all of a suidey, he come chuck up aginst a ledge of rocks. Here the track took a turn to the left, and winding round the corner of the rock, entered a hole beneath it. Uncle Samuel looked in, and heerd a most an awful noise, but could not see no sign of any thing. The critter kept

CHANGE OF THE MOON. Messrs. Moon and Gun, of the Waterloo Observer, have sold their establishment. Mr. Moon has changed his residence, and Mr. Gun has gone off. These are no puns of ours, Messrs. Readers of the Journal; we found them in another paper. Nobody will catch us at this vile practice. But we hope, if Mr. Gun did go off by his partner's *light*, that he did'nt go off *half cocked*.—*Camden Journal.*

A country gentleman walking in his garden saw his gardner asleep under an arbor. "What" says he, 'asleep instead of at work; you idle dog you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you.' 'I am truly sensible of my unworthiness, answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the *Shade*."

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

Under this title the lovers of light reading have been favored with a series of spirited sketches of naval life and adventures, through the columns of Blackwood's Magazine. They are probably (as they profess) the productions of a retired officer of the British Navy. We give below a portion of one of them, which is denominated

SCENES IN JAMAICA.

I confess that I did not promise myself much pleasure from my cruise ashore; somehow or other I had made up my mind to believe that in Jamaica, putting aside the magnificence and natural beauty of the country, there was little to interest me. I had pictured to myself the slaves as a miserable, squalid, half-fed, ill-clothed, over-worked race, and their masters, and the white inhabitants generally, as an unwholesome-looking crew of saffron-faced tyrants, who wore straw hats with umbrella brims, wide trowsers, and calico jackets, living on pepper pot and land crabs, and drinking sangaree and smoking cigars the whole day. But I was agreeably undeceived; for, although I did meet with some extraordinary characters, and not a few rum scenes, yet on the whole I gratefully bear witness to the great hospitality of the inhabitants, both in the towns and country. In Kingston the society was exceedingly good; as good, I can freely affirm, as I ever met with in a provincial town any where; and there prevailed a warmth of heart, and a kindliness both in the males and females of those families to which I had the good fortune to be introduced, that I never experienced out of Jamaica.

At the period which I am describing, the island was in the hey-day of its prosperity, and the harbor of Kingston was full of shipping. I had never seen a more picturesque mercantile haven; it is completely landlocked, and the whole navy of England might ride in it commodiously.

I went one day to wait on my relation, Mrs. S——. I had a confoundedly hot walk through the burning sandy streets, and was nearly blinded by the reflection from them, as I ascended the front stairs. There are no carpets in the houses of Jamaica; but the floors, which are often of mahogany, are beautifully polished, and shine like a well-kept dinner. They are, of course, very slippery, and require wary walking till one gets accustomed to them. The rooms are made exceedingly dark during the heat of the day, according to the prevailing practice in all ardent climates. A black footman, very handsomely dressed, all to his bare legs (I thought at first he had black silk stockings on) preceded me, and when he reached the drawing room door, asked my name. I told him, 'Mr. Cringle'—whereupon he sung out to my dismay—'Massa Captain Ringtail to wait pon Missees.'

This put me out a *leetle*—especially as I heard some one say—'Captain who?'—what a very odd name!'

But I had no time for reflection, as I had not blundered three steps out of the glare of the piazza into the palpable obscure of the darkened drawing-room, black as night from the contrast, when I capsized headlong over an ottoman in the middle of the apartment, and floundered right into the middle of a group of young ladies, and one or two lapdogs, by whom it was conjointly occupied. Trying to recover myself, I slipped on the glass-like floor, and came down stern foremost; and being now regularly at the slack end, for I could not well get lower, I sat still, scratching my caput in the midst of a gay company of morning visiters, enjoying the gratifying consciousness that I was distinctly visible to them, although my dazzled optics could as yet distinguish nothing. To add to my pleasurable sensations, I now perceived, from the coldness of the floor, that in my downfall the catastrophe of my unmentionables had been grievously rent, but I had nothing for it but sitting patiently still amidst the suppressed laughter of the company, until I became accustomed to the twilight, and they, like bright stars, began to dawn on my bewildered senses in all their loveliness; and prodigiously handsome women some of them were, for the Creoles, so far as figure is concerned, are generally perfect, while beautiful features are not wanting, and my travel had reconciled me to the absence of the rose from their cheeks. My eldest cousin Mary (where is there a name like Mary?) now approached; she and I were old friends, and many a junketing we used to have in my father's house during the holidays, when she was a boarding-school girl in England. My hardihood and self-possession returned, under the double gratification of seeing her, and the certainty that my blushes (for my cheeks were glowing like hot iron) could not have been observed in the subdued green light that pervaded the room.

"Well, Tom, since you are no longer dazzled, and see us all now, you had better get up, hadn't you?—you see mamma is waiting there to embrace you."

"Why, I think myself I had better; but when I broached-to so suddenly, I split my lower canvass, Mary, and I cannot budge until your mother lends me a petticoat."

"A what? you are crazy, Tom"—

"Not a whit, not a whit: why I have split my—ahem."

"This is speaking plain, ain't it?"

Away tripped the sylph-like girl, and in a twinkling re-appeared with the desired garment, which in a convulsion of laughter she slipped ever my head as I sat on the floor; and having fastened it properly round my waist, I rose and paid my respects to my warm-hearted relations. But that petticoat—it could not have been the old woman's, there could have been no such virtue in an old woman's petticoat; no, no, it must either have been a charmed garment, or—or—Mary's own; for from that hour I was a lost man, and the devoted slave of her large black eyes and high pale forehead. "Oh, murder—you speak of the sun dazzling: what is it to the lustre of that same eye of yours, Mary?"

In the evening I escorted the ladies to a ball, (by the way, a West India ball-room, being a perfect lantern, open to the four winds of heaven, is cooler than a ball-room any where else,) and a very gay affair it turned out to be, although I had more trouble in getting admittance than I bargained for, and was witness to as comical a row (considering the very frivolous origin of it, and the quality of the parties engaged in it) as ever took place even in that peppery country, where, I verily believe, the temper of the people, generous though it be in the main, is hotter than the climate; and that, Heaven knows! is sudoriferous enough. I was walking through the entrance saloon with my fair cousin on my arm, stepping out like a hero to the opening crash of a fine military band, towards the entrance of the splendid ball-room, which was filled with elegant company, brilliantly lighted up and ornamented with the most rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers, which no European conservatory could have furnished forth, and arched overhead with palm branches and a profusion of evergreens, while the polished floor, like one vast mirror, reflected the fine forms of the pale but lovely black-eyed and black-haired West Indian dames, glancing amidst the more sombre dresses of their partners, while the whole group was relieved by being here and there spangled with a rich naval or military uniform. As we approached, a constable put his staff across the doorway.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you are not in full dress."

Now this was the first night whereon I had sported my lieutenant's uniform, and with my gold swab on my shoulder, the sparkling bullion glancing in the corner of my eye at the very moment, my dress-sword by my side, gold buckles in my shoes, and spotless white trowsers, I had, in my innocence, considered myself a deuced killing fellow, and felt proportionably mortified at this address.

"No one can be admitted in trowsers, sir," said the man.

"Shiver my timbers!" I could not help the exclamation, as the transactions of the morning crowded on my recollection: "shiver my timbers! is my fate in this strange country to be for ever irrevocably bound up in a pair of breeches?"

My cousin pinched my arm. "Hush, Tom; go home and get mamma's petticoat."

The man was peremptory; and as there was no use in getting into a squabble about such a trifle, I handed my partner over to the care of a gentleman of the party, who was fortunately accoutred to rule, and stepping to my quarters, I equipped myself in a pair of light nether integuments, and returned to the ball room. By this time there was the devil to pay; the entrance saloon was crowded with military and naval men, high in oath, and headed by no less a person than a general officer, and a one-armed man, one of the chief civil officers in the place, and who had been a sailor in his youth. I was just in time to see the advance of the combined column to the door of the ball-room, three which they drove the picket of constables like chaff, and then halted. The one-armed functionary, a most powerful and very handsome man, now detached himself from the phalanx, and strode up to the advanced guard of stewards clustered in front of the ladies, who had shrunk together into a corner of the room, like so many frightened hares.

The place being now patent to me, I walked up to comfort my party, and could see all that passed. The champion of the Excluded had taken the precaution to roll up the legs of his trowsers, and to tie them tightly at the knee with his garters, which gave him the appearance of a Dutch skipper; and in all the consciousness of being now properly arrayed, he walked up to one of the men in authority—a small pot-bellied gentleman, and set himself to intercede for the attacking column, the head of which was still lowering at the door. But the little steward speedily interrupted him.

"Why, Mr. ——, rules must be maintained, and let me see," here he peered through his glass at the substantial supporters of our friend, "as I live, you yourself are inadmissible."

The giant laughed. "—— the body, he must have been a tailor! Charge, my fine fellows, and throw the constables out of the window, and the stewards after them. Every man his bird; and here goes for my Cock Robin." With that he made a grab at his Lilliputian antagonist, but missed him as he slid away among the women like an eel, while his pursuer, brandishing his arm on high, to which I now perceived for the first time, that there was a large steel hook appended, exclaimed in a broad Scotch accent, "Ah, if I had caught the creature, I would have clap this in his mouth, and played him like a salmon."

At this signal, in poured the mass of soldiers and sailors; the constables vanished in an instant; the stewards were driven back upon the ladies; and such fainting and screaming, and swearing and threatening, and shying of cards, and fixing of time and place for a cool turn in the morning, it had never been my good fortune to witness before or since. My wig! thought I, a precious country, where a man's life may be perilled by the fashion of the covering to his nakedness!

[Continued on next page.

THE BEAR WITHOUT A BRIDLE. Among the early settlers of Worcester county, in this state, was a German, by the name of Fourpeck or Foupeck. The wild tenants of the forest had not yet given place to man, and Fourpeck being employed on a certain time with some others in the manufacturing of maple sugar, saw a large bear coming among them, and without counting the cost, threw himself upon his back. Bruin unaccustomed to this mode of salutation, began to make off as well as his load would permit—perhaps thinking like the man in the play, if that was the way his new acquaintance "backed" his friends, "the d—l take such backing!" he could not help turning round now and then to bite the leg of his daring rider. Nevertheless the hardy German kept his seat in spite of the smart and streams of blood which were trickling down his legs, till one of the company came up, knocked the weary bear on the head and despatched him. The Dutchman was justly proud of his exploit—but when the excitious ride was over, he exclaimed, dar shall I'll ne'ver ride a pear again midout a pridle!"

Berkshire (Mass.) Republican.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—An old man in one of the Eastern States, who was something of a hunter, as all measurably are in new settlements went to a lawyer, to get his opinion, thinking that he might get a little of his advice without pay; the lawyer attentively heard him without replying to his questions, the hunter inquired why he was silent, the reply was "*I do not talk without a dollar!*" The cash was immediately handed to him and the questions answered. In the course of conversation, the lawyer inquired if there was good sporting where he lived, he was answered in the affirmative, assuring him also that he had a good dog that was celebrated for hunting partridges; this fact the lawyer had understood, and remarked that soon he would come out there and sport a little. At the appointed day the lawyer came and started with the dog, and our hunter agreed to meet them at a certain place. The dog kept close to the lawyer; game passed, yet the dog did not notice it. The lawyer full of vexation, arrived at the appointed spot and began chiding the hunter, for imposing on him, as his dog would not hunt. The hunter replied, there was no imposition, but that his dog *did not hunt without his dollar!* The money was paid, and new directions were given, and he had no reason to complain of the dog's neglect the remainder of the day.—*Jerseyman.*

BLOOD HORSES.

To the admirers of that noble animal, the horse, nothing can be more gratifying than the substantial and steady improvement which is constantly going forward in the breed of horses in this country—an improvement which owes its existence as well to the importation of superior horses as to the increased attention which is paid to the rearing of them in our own country. By the annexed extract from the Birmingham Herald of the 5th ult. we are apprised that another valuable addition is about being made to the stock of blood horses in the United States:

"Mr. Beardsworth has sold his horse HEDGFORD for a very large sum to Mr. Jackson, the gentleman who brought those celebrated horses Tom Thumb and Rattler from America, where he intends taking Hedgford. It appears that this gentleman is determined to excel as much in racing as he has done in trotting, if we may judge from his having selected Hedgford, and the price he has given for him. It is much to be regretted that such a horse should be sent out of the kingdom; as, independently of his being the best bred, he is decidedly one of the finest horses in England—He is by the Filho da Puta, or Magistrate, out of Miss Craigie (the dam of 'Birmingham,') 6 years old, 16 1-2 hands high, with muscular power not surpassed by any horse in the kingdom. His color is a rich dark brown, with black legs. He has been a great winner of stakes and cups."

THE ARABIAN HORSE. "The Arabian Horse would not be acknowledged by every judge to possess a perfect form; his head, however, is inimitable. The broadness and squareness of the forehead, the shortness and fineness of the muzzle, the prominence and brilliancy of the eye, the smallness of the ears, and the beautiful course of the veins, will characterize the head of the Arabian Horse.

"In the formation of the shoulder, next to that of the head, the Arabian is superior to any other breed—the withers are high, and the shoulder blade inclined backward. He may not be thought sufficiently high—he seldom stands more than 14 hands two inches.

"The fineness of his legs and the oblique position of his pasterns, may be supposed to lessen his apparent strength; but the leg, although small is flat and wiry. Anatomists know that the bone has no common density, and the starting muscles of the fore-arm and the thigh, indicate that he is fully capable of accomplishing many of the feats which are recorded of him."

English Paper.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

[Continued from 1st page.]

Next day, Mr. Fyall, who, I afterwards learned, was a most estimable man in substantials, though somewhat eccentric in small matters, called and invited me to accompany him on a cruise amongst some of the estates under his management. This was the very thing I desired, and three days afterwards I left my kind friends in Kingston, and set forth on my visit to Mr. Fyall, who lived about seven miles from town.

The morning was fine as usual, although about noon the clouds, thin, fleecy and transparent at first, but gradually settling down more dense and heavy, began to congregate on the summit of the Liguanea Mountains, which rises about four miles distant to a height of near 5000 feet, in rear of the town. It thundered too a little now and then in the same direction, but this was an every day occurrence in Jamaica at this season, and, as I had only seven miles to go, off I started in a gig of mine host's, with my portmanteau well secured under a tarpaulin, in defiance of all threatening appearance, crowding sail, and urging the noble roan, that had me in tow, close upon thirteen knots. I had not gone above three miles, however, when the sky in a moment changed from the intense glare of a tropical noon-tide to the deepest gloom, as if a bad angel had suddenly overshadowed us, and interposed his dark wings between us and the blessed sun; indeed, so instantaneous was the effect, that it reminded me of the withdrawing of the foot-lights in a theatre. The road now wound round the base of a precipitous spur from the Liguanea Mountains, which, far from melting into the level country by gradual and increasing undulations, shot boldly out nearly a mile from the main range, and that so abruptly that it seemed mortised into the plain, like a rugged promontory running into a frozen lake. On looking up along the ridge of this prong, I saw the lowering mass of black clouds gradually spread out and detach themselves from the summits of the loftier mountains, to which they had clung the whole morning, and begin to roll slowly down the hill, seeming to touch the tree tops, while along their lower edges hung a fringe of dark vapor, or rather shreds of cloud in rapid motion, that shifted about and shot out and shortened like streamers. As yet there was no lightning nor rain, and in expectation of escaping the shower, as the wind was with me, I made more sail, pushing the horse into a gallop, to the great discomposure of the negro who sat behind me. "Massa, you can't escape, you are galloping into it: don't Massa hear de sound of de rain coming along against de wind, and smell de earthy smell of him like one new made grave?"

'The sound of the rain.' In another clime, long, long ago, I had often read at my old mother's knee, 'And Elijah said unto Ahab, there is a *sound* of abundance of rain, prepare thy chariot and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not: and it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was dark with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.'

I looked, and so it was; for in an instant a white sheet of the heaviest rain I had ever seen, (if rain it might be called, for it was more like a water-spout,) fell from the lower edge of the black cloud, with a strong rushing noise, that increased to a loud roar like that of a waterfall. As it came along, it seemed to devour the rocks and trees, for they disappeared behind the watery screen the instant it reached them. We saw it ahead of us for more than a mile, coming along the road, preceded by a black line from the moistening of the white dust, right in the wind's eye, and with such an even front that I verily believe it was descending in buckets-full on my horse's head, while as yet not one drop had reached me. At this moment, the adjutant-general of the forces, Colonel F——, of the Coldstream Guards, in his tandem, drawn by two sprightly blood bays, with his servant, a light boy, mounted Creole fashion on the leader, was coming up in my wake at a spot where the road sank into a hollow and was traversed by a water-course already running knee deep, although dry as a bone but the minute before.

I was now drenched to the skin, the water pouring out in cascades from both sides of the vehicle, when, just as I reached the top of the opposite bank, there was a flash of lightning so vivid, accompanied by an explosion so loud and tremendous that my horse, trembling from stem to stern, stood dead still; the dusky youth by my side jumped out, and buried his snout in the mud, like a porker nuzzling for acorns, and I felt more queasish than I would willingly have confessed to, could have knelt and prayed. The noise of the thunder was a sharp ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and had been shivered at a blow by the hand of the Almighty.

It was, I am sure, twenty seconds before the usual roar and rumbling from the reverberation of the report from the hills, and among the clouds was heard.

I drove on, and arrived just in time to dress for dinner, but I did not learn till next day that the flash which paralyzed me had struck dead the Colonel's servant and leading horse, as he ascended the bank of the ravine, by this time so much swollen that the body of the lad was washed off the road into the neighboring gully, where it was found, when the waters subsided, entirely covered with sand.

CANVASS BACK DUCKS.—The forests and waters of the United States afford a great variety of game, some of which are entitled to high praise, but the true glory of America is bestowed by the canvass-back duck. These exquisite birds are found only in the Chesapeake bay, and the neighboring waters. In regard to their natural history, ornithologists differ, some asserting that the canvass-back is a distinct variety of the duck, others that it is indebted for its delicious qualities solely to the nature of the food in which the Chesapeake abounds. *Non nostrum est, tantas componere lites.* We never saw the bird until divested of its plumage, and subjected to a rotatory motion of fifteen minutes before the kitchen fire. But in that state we feel we should be guilty of gross injustice, were we to compare its merits as an esculent with those of any other of the feathered tribe, which wing the upper or nether atmosphere or float upon the surface of the deep. No, the canvass back stands alone in proud and unapproached pre-eminence. It is

"Like to a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

And never, surely, did created substance float so meltingly in the mouth, or leave an impression on the palate so luxurious and imperishable. The occasion when he first received this new and exquisite sense of the beneficence of nature, forms an era in the life of every American traveller. The place, the day, the hour, nay the very minute, remain imprinted on his memory. It will mingle unbidden with all his sympathies and affections. It will enlarge and elevate his views of the dignity of his own nature, and he will cherish the proud conviction, that the man who has feasted on canvass back ducks cannot, philosophically, be said to have lived in vain. Entertaining these opinions, it has always appeared to us somewhat extraordinary, that the Americans should prefer resting the national claims to the envy and admiration of the world on science, literature and accomplishment, which to say the truth, afford but slender footing for their pretensions, instead of arrogating the higher and more incontestible praise, that the country of their nativity is likewise the country of canvass-back ducks.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FATAL AFFRAY.—On the 4th inst. an affray took place in this village between several Irish laborers and others, in which a person named James McGovern, an Irishman, was bruised in such a manner as to cause his death on Monday morning. The person who inflicted the bruises has been examined, and bound over for trial at the next circuit court.—*Oswego Palladium.*

[The above affray, which resulted in the death of a fellow being, commenced, as such affrays generally do, in folly. In this village are between 6 and 700 Irishmen, (as we have been informed,) and some of the e sons of the Emerald Isle had on more occasions than one boasted of their superior prowess at fisticuffs, and had as often threatened that they would, on some proper occasion, "dress out" any Yankee boys that might offer themselves for the "sport." Accordingly, on the 4th, when the heads of many Yankees, as well as Irishmen, were more full of whiskey than wisdom, they went at the contemplated business, and it resulted as stated above.]—*Oswego Free Press*

PUGILISM.—We are sorry to see that this disgraceful art is introduced into this country. How revolting to witness such a scene as is described in a northern paper! The parties were Joseph M'Donald and Samuel O'Rorke, who met at Lake Champlain, Vermont, on the 15th of June, to fight a second battle for $700.

"The ring (says the account) was formed in the old English style; and the men arrived amidst the cheers of their friends.—M'Donald, crimson with gay borders; and O'Rorke, the blue bird's eye and green colors."

Here the paper particular describes, in flash language, 45 rounds. On the

"46th—O'Rorke became the favorite, 20 to 1. M'Donald's friends began to get blue, to think M'Donald's secured battle should be defeated. But weakness was visible in both men. After 1 hour and 12 minutes, O'Rorke became the fresher man. Until the 57th round, O'Rorke came up with undiminished confidence and good generalship, when M'Donald dropped his arms hopeless, and a blow might have killed him. O'Rorke lifted his hand to give him the last, but with humanity and good feelings, dropped his arms, and looking pitifully at his man, nobly exclaimed, 'No, Joseph M'Donald, I won't strike an antagonist in so helpless a state.' O'Rorke's second, wind, and good science gained the battle; he is upwards of six feet high, lathy and muscular. M'Donald is well skilled, and the strongest man; he is thick set, well skilled, and lusty. The contest lasted one honr and 46 minutes—rounds 57."

From such "humanity"—good feeling" "pitiful looks," and noble exclamations," deliver us!—*N. Y. Gazette.*

MURDER.—It was reported here, that on Friday of last week, a pedlar was murdered near the Cayuga Bridge, by three men, two of whom were brothers. We understand the pedlar had between two and three hundred dollars, and being intoxicated, was free in showing it to all. This was in the afternoon; and these three men invited him to go home with them, and stay that night, which he accepted, and on their way to their residence they murdered him. They then laid his body on a board, to carry it into a large swamp near by. There happened to be a little girl, between 12 and 14 years of age, picking raspberries, who saw them and the body as they carried it along, but was unperceived by them, or in all probability would have shared the same fate—one of them she knew. When she returned home she informed her parents of what she had seen, and in the morning her father procured an officer, and had two of them arrested immediately, and the other they had not found when the news was received here.—*Orid Examiner.*

AMERICAN BENEVOLENCE.—Last week we had the satisfaction to pay a just eulogium to a princely act of virtue on the part of the citizens of New-York, whose philanthropy spontaneously prompted them to fly to the succor of the destitute and wayfaring emigrants, with money, food, clothing, medicine and shelter. We have now no less pleasure in recording a parallel act of exalted generosity, by their virtuous sisters of charity, the ladies of New-Haven, Connecticut. These noble hearted women, hearing of the great distress of the strangers on the frontiers, have transmitted three boxes of clothing, containing 1250 garments, for the sick and destitute emigrants in Canada, with money to pay the freight and charges, and the balance also to be applied to their relief. Here is no contracted sympathy limited to kindred or country; the objects are strangers, and the charity pure and ennobling, as it is generous and expansive.

"Friend, parent, children, first it will embrace;
Our country next, and next all human race."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—We regret that this great and good man is at present the victim of disease. He has returned to London, and on his way suffered from a paralytic attack, which deprived him of the use of one side, and which it is supposed would have proved fatal but for the presence of mind of his valet, in bleeding him. The editor of a London paper says it is likely he will never recover. This is what we call writing a man to death, and evinces any thing but a Shakespeian knowledge of human nature. It may be the policy of his physicians to keep him in good spirits, and even at the expense of truth, to pronounce him convalescent. It is probable that Sir Walter may see the article we allude to, and so are even the mightiest men compounded, that simple as it is, it might have the effect of counteracting the remedies of his physicians,—yea, men of the highest intellectual attainments are in general easiest worked upon by trifles. We trust the noble author will regain his wonted energies, and again be able to add to his immortality, and the pleasure of an admiring world. He may indeed have irrecoverably lost the playful brilliancy of his imagination, but he may like the sun, shed a richness of light at his setting, that even the meridian of his glory was unequal to.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TRIP TO PROVIDENCE.

We have conversed, (says the Boston Patriot,) with passengers in the Benj. Franklin, who arrived in this city, on Thursday morning, from Jersey City, whence they started at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. On their arrival off Newport, they were warned off, and were not permitted to land at Providence or any of the intermediate places between Newport and that city, either in Rhode Island or Massachusetts, quarantine flags being placed at most of the landing places. The captain finally anchored off Somerset, Mass. where the passengers were not permitted to land until after examination by two physicians, (one of whom was kind enough to act as a flag-of-truce between the town authorities and the captain of the fugitive steamboat) until the captain gave bonds that no passenger should remain in town, but proceed immediately from the boat to the stages and thence proceed to Boston, and until after about ten hours detention. The passengers were landed in a *field of rye*, and their disembarkation conducted strictly according to the stipulation of the treaty. Women and children were seen flying as from the pestilence itself, at the sight of the landed passengers; guards were placed on the road to see that none of the stages diverged from the direct road, nor stopped on their way. The boat had about 90 passengers. The greatest consternation seemed to prevail, the authorities at Somerset informed the captain of the Benj. Franklin that she would not again be permitted to land passengers.

We have been desired to state, says the Post, that during the prevailing panic among some of our eastern neighbors, a very convenient landing place may be found at Stratford Point, Con. The point is the property of the United States, having been purchased for the erection of the light house, and is not, therefore subject to State jurisdiction. Very many of our absentee citizens, who are desirous of communication with the city, and others who may wish to leave, might render this a profitable route for a steam boat at this time. Stratford Point is situated between two and three miles from Stratford, one of the most beautiful and healthy of our eastern villages. Communication for passengers between the point and village are constant and convenient. In Straford, besides numerous private boarding houses, is one of the best conducted hotels in the country. Our opinion is known to be against flying from certain comfort and able assistance at home; but for the benefit of those who think otherwise, we desire to encourage the establishment of all convenient communications with the country.

The editor of the Miner's Journal has recently been presented by some unknown hand with a large wicker basket full of little babies and other interesting articles, the produce of the neighborhood.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1832.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The excessive dullness of the times may not be so obvious to the conductors of political papers, and those devoted exclusively to literature, but to us, whose very life spring consists in the general prevalence of cheerfulness, checkered with occasional festivities, and the usual galeties of the season, the present period is beyond any thing within our recollection.

We anticipated in part the present crisis, and was prepared for it—but we at the same time anticipated being sustained in our course by our contemporaries in our sister cities,—who we thought would be most alive with anecdote, and items, and humor, just about the time we should be getting the most gloomy and dull. In this we are sadly disappointed; and we think a gentleman perusing American papers in Europe would be greatly puzzled to tell by the spirit and cheerfulness of the editorials, in which of our cities the Cholera existed. We cannot say whether this be owing to the sympathies of the fraternity with the distresses of our city, or to that killing gloom which seems to forebode the approach of the pestilence. But the fact is certain, that the whole press from Georgia to Maine, is employed almost wholly on the one engrossing subject, and presents to those in search of amusement, humor, wit or fun, whole pages and solid columns of trite and sombre discussions of the Cholera.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The scenes which it has heretofore been our happiness to describe under this head, are no longer to be found. Out of the mere dull realities of life we might concoct an eligible article, but even these are taken from us—for life here is neither gay nor dull. One incessant, uncompromising dread pervades the whole city—the effect of which is to change into other channels every inclination to partake of the wonted amusements and pastimes of our usually gay and lively population.

Now and then a straggler winds his way to the Ferry, and goes over to Hoboken,—but our word for it, Hoboken with all its native attractions soon palls on his taste—the presiding nymphs of its beauteous bowers and sylvan walks are fled and gone. The soul has departed,—the gay and happy multitude are no longer there. He returns to the city from sheer loneliness.

Now and then a stranger visits Niblo's fairy garden—promenades his beautiful walks—partakes of the delicious refreshments—touches an ice-cream—but a dread creeps upon him, he looks around for the company—he is alone.

Now and then the Theatre is visited. The acting is spirited—the play is interesting—Placide is full of humor and drollery—Richings is [illegible] laughing—the ladies sing it lightly—Barry looks tragic and Mrs. Sharpe angelic,—but the house—there are fifty in the pit and a dozen in the boxes. A dread (not of crowded houses) comes over you, and you retire.

Now and then a wanderer without knowing why, drops in at Castle Garden, and he comes out again.

Now and then a member of the Boat Club goes down to see if the boats have run away.

Now and then a solitary horseman is seen tracing his devious way on one of the Avenues,—he touches at this and that favorite stopping place,—he is absolutely glared at—a dread brings him back to town.

Now and then you meet a lady in Broadway.

Now and then a boarding house has boarders.

Now and then a Hotel is open.

Now and then Members of Congress come to Hoboken—a dread keeps them out of the City.

Now and then a steamboat leaves the wharf full and crowded—a dread returns her empty.

Now and then our clergy leave their flocks, and physicians their patients—a dread—full vengeance will follow them.

Now and then a mint julep is drunk—a dread tends to port.

Now and then a man gets a good night's sleep.

Now and then you can find a merchant in Pearl street, or a broker in Wall.

Now and then we wish ourselves in the country,—a dread of ruin keeps us here.

Now and then a citizen would go to Boston—a dread of the Rhode Islanders stops him.

Now and then we hope that papers will get interesting—a dread keeps them dull.

Now and then Editors tell the truth about the Cholera—a dread prevents their always doing it.

Now and then we have written a clever article—but the dread has made this prodigiously dull!

NEW STEAMBOATS.

The citizens of Troy, and many in our city, have been anxiously awaiting the completion of the two magnificent Steamboats, the Champlain and the Erie.

They are designed as day boats between this city and Troy; and we are happy to announce that they have both taken their places in the line.

They are of the very largest class, with four boilers and two engines each, and are not surpassed in power by any boats on the river.—Their immense cabins are fitted up in the neatest and most elegant manner, and the promenade decks are spacious and airy.

The commanders of these splendid boats, Captains Gorham and Vandewater, have long been favorably known to the public as gentlemen highly qualified for their situations, both by their experience in navigation and the courteousness and urbanity of their deportment.

In Lowell, Mass. there are (according to the Telegraph) 21 physicians, 20 lawyers, 15 preachers, about 18 constables, 2 or 3 deputy sheriffs, 6 newspapers (including one daily) printing in all nearly 10,000 copies weekly; 600 newspapers received by mail and 200 by stage weekly: population 10,254.

Lowell, we believe, is unparalleled in her rapid growth and present prosperity by any town in New England

THE CHOLERA.

In continuing our account of the progress of the Cholera, during the last seven days, we are induced to express the hope that the trying crisis is past, and that the pestilence is fast on the decline. Should our anticipations be realized, a few days only will elapse before thousands of our self exiled citizens will make us glad by their return, and resume with renewed spirit their wonted avocations.

Its ravages in our city have been greater than occurred during either period of the invasion of the Yellow Fever; but they are mild and few when contrasted with the awful fatalities that tracked its course in many cities on the Eastern continent.

In recording our belief of the decline of this terrific pestilence, we take the same occasion to join our whole community in the expression of gratitude to the Ruler of the Universe, that it hath seemed good to spare us the more severe inflictions of this dire malady.

BULLETIN OF THE CHOLERA,
CORRECTED FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT
Of the Special Medical Council.

July	Cases at Dwelling Houses	Deaths	Corlaer's Hook Hospitals.	Cases	Deaths	Total of Cases	Deaths at Dwelling houses	Hospitals	Bellevue	Yorkville.	Total of Deaths
23	191	71	20	29		311	61	29	6	8	104
22	134	74	9	2		219	49	35	3	1	90
23	63	42	26	0		231	46	17	10	0	73
24	148	51	22	35		296	57	22	7	10	96
25	99	45	10	3		157	21	32	5	3	61
26	75	48	14	4		141	23	21	7	4	55
27	73	46	5			122	21	18	5		46
	943	377	106	73		1497	280	174	45	26	525

Total since commencement, Cases 3334, Deaths 1369
Brooklyn, since commencement, 109 39

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship Caledonia, Captain Graham, arrived here on Monday the 23d inst. from Liverpool, bringing London dates to the 13th and Liverpool to the 16th ult.—eight days later than previous advices.

No movement of interest had taken place in England since the complete success of the Reform Bill, but every thing seemed to indicate that more extensive and violent changes in the constitution and government of the country were in contemplation. Lord King recently submitted a resolution to the House of Lords declaring tithes to be the property of the public, and that Parliament may dispose of them as best conduces to the public interest. The Queen has acquired a decided unpopularity with the people of England by her course in relation to the Reform Bill, and every occasion is taken by the populace to express their dislike. The Cholera still exists in Liverpool—19 new cases were reported on the 15th.

FRANCE.—Every thing remains tranquil in Paris since the last dates, and the conspiracy which threatened to overthrow the throne of Louis Philip appears to have been completely crushed.—The government was proceeding with a high hand against all who were suspected of abetting the late rebellion, and arrests and court martials appeared to be the order of the day.

From La Vendee, no definite intelligence is given, except that of the arrival of the Dutchess de Berri, mother of Henry V. the infant pretender to the crown of France, as the legitimate successor of Charles X. She has placed herself at the head of the Vendean insurrection, assuming [illegible] Henry V." and issued a proclamation, calling upon the French nation to rally round the standard of their lawful king. She accompanies this document by two Ordinances, "by the King," &c.—the first granting a gratuity of three months pay to the army of Algiers, with an increase of rank to the officers; the other disbanding certain portions of the French army, and commanding the soldiers to return to their homes. As the troops to whom these ordinances refer acknowledge no sort of allegiance to Henry V. and are entirely without the sphere of the power of the self styled Regent, the ordinances appear singularly ill-judged and ludicrous.

TURKEY.—The rebellion of the Pacha of Egypt against the authority of the Sultan has at last become open and notorious. The Turkish government has at last become aroused to the true nature of the Pacha's military operations in Syria, and the Ottoman Monitour of May 5th contains a firman of the Sultan, declaring Ali Pacha of Egypt and his son Ibrahim to be rebels and outlaws, and as such divesting them of all their offices and possessions. Hussein Pacha is appointed the successor of Ali in the government of Egypt, Abyssinia and Candia: but if Ali possesses the talent and resources which his fame and actions would indicate, an appointment to a Pachalic in the moon would be quite as profitable to his rival and a great deal more consistent with his safety. Preparations are however making by the Sultan for a vigorous prosecution of the war: the Turkish fleet, destined to act against Ali, left Constantinople for the coast of Syria on the 7th May; and a large army is now collecting in Asia to drive the Egyptians out of Syria, probably under the command of the newly appointed Pacha of Egypt in person.

In Greece, all was anarchy and confusion, and the new king (prince Otho of Bavaria) was anxiously looked for to restore tranquillity to the country.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.—By the arrival of the U. S. sloop of war Shark from off the Mexican coast, Vera Cruz dates to the 17th ult. have been received. They furnish the gratifying intelligence that the leaders of the contending factions by which that country has been so long distracted and desolated have at last turned their thoughts towards the establishment of a general and lasting peace, and that a preliminary treaty has already been drawn up between the rival commanders in chief, Santa Anna and Calderon, which stipulates for a cessation of hostilities and a withdrawal of the forces of both parties from those positions which, from their proximity, might become the cause of collision between the adverse forces. It was hoped that tranquility and prosperity would soon revisit this fine country.

The Portrait of Washington, by Peale, lately purchased for two thousand dollars, has been set up in the U. S. Senate Chamber, immediately over the Vice President's seat. It is thought that the countenance of the Father of his country will lose somewhat of its wonted benignity and serenity, should he ever be forced to witness the recurrence of such scenes as were enacted in that Chamber on some recent occasions. The Portrait of the great patriot will probably be well secured, to prevent all danger of his starting from the walls.

DESERTED STREETS.—The strongest evidence of the desolate desertedness of New-York, is a sight of the Merchant's Exchange. Our office commands this view, and we have been accustomed to sit in our window and watch the busy multitude of merchants cheerfully exchanging the compliments of the day, humorous stories, rare jokes, the news, price of stocks, &c. but of late the crowd has been daily getting less and less, and during the week past, we have not been able to count scarcely a dozen gentleman within the portico at the same time. There are two reasons for this—one is, more than half the merchants have left the city, and those that are left, have no very interesting communications to make on 'Change. Business is almost annihilated in Pearl-street. A large portion of the stores are closed, and the stillness of this great thoroughfare of trade is indeed frightful. Broadway would hardly be recognised by our citizens, who have not seen it since the invasion of the Cholera. You meet a few half-running pedestrians, and now and then a female, but as a promenade 'tis as blank and cheerless as desertion can make it. We don't extend our walks up town just at this time, but those who have been there, draw a most gloomy picture of what they see, or rather of what they did not see.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

On Wednesday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the citizens of New-York were aroused from their slumbers by the most tremendous peals of thunder. The vivid flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession, almost instantly succeeded by reports of "Heaven's artillery," that seemed to rend the very canopy of the skies.

In many houses, much glass was broken—the steeple of St. John's Church was slightly injured, and the adjoining house, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Berrian—the store of Andrew Thompson & Co. was struck, the fluid passing near the bed of a gentleman who providentially happened to spend the night in Brooklyn. The flag-staff on Castle Garden and a willow tree in the College yard were both shivered to atoms.

The rain poured down in sheets for some 30 minutes, when the storm passed over, and was succeeded by a most lovely and brilliant morning. It is impossible to realize the fact of a pestilence, depending on atmospheric influences, making any progress during the existence of such pure and balmy air as we have enjoyed since the storm.—Whether it is an effect or a mere coincidence, it is worthy of observation that the most marked diminution of cases and deaths immediately followed this thorough equalization of electricity.—The cases on Wednesday were 139 *less* than on Tuesday, and the deaths 35 *less*.

The subject is sufficiently imporiant to merit the attention of our most distinguished physiologists and philosophers.

A letter-writer says that the Cholera at Constantinople was broken up and immediately disappeared after a similar thunder-storm.

ITEMS—TO THE TRADE.

We have just received a new supply of *these articles*, which as they were most generally smuggled, will be disposed of cheap for—CREDIT.

As "he who steals *an item from us* steals trash," we shall merely remark, that generally [illegible]

"Twas *ours*, 'tis *yours*, and *will belong* to thousands;" and probably, before it again returns "from whence it sprung," it will be found "unwept, unhonor'd, *though undone*," and certainly *uncredited*.

Therefore, "he that filches from *us*, *our* good name," will undoubtedly, "rob *us* of that which not enriches him, and make *us laugh* indeed."

STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.—The Oswego Free Press says, "We understand a parcel of ignoramuses are again digging for money about the old fort. For the present, we will only say they might with as reasonable a hope of success, commence digging about our pockets."

The last New Bedford Gazette, contains, in addition to its usual variety of interesting *miscellaneæ*, a half column of "Items," from which we infer the editor is driving a good trade, in the land of "horn-flints, and white-oak pomatum."

SHAVING NOTES.—A broker in Boston advertises to purchase Burrillville Bank bills at a discount. He does not state at *what* discount.

CRUEL, CRUEL MAN!—A female named Howell has recovered ten dollars of a gay Lothario called McCoy, for forgetting a promise to marry her, until after he had bestowed his hand upon another. *How well* the gallant jury have acted in this case!—the respondent when again placed in similar circumstances, we dare say will act *Coy*.

ENCOURAGING TO WASHERWOMEN.—American nankeens are said to grow darker and richer by washing. Many articles of apparel will grow "darker" *without* washing.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A number of paving stones were discovered in one of our streets last week. Probably left there through mistake.

PATENT.—We learn that application will be made in a few days, for letters patent for a new and improved tooth-pick. It will accomplish all that is required of such an article, by being placed on the out side of the mouth; and is calculated to serve as a night key for such of our fashionable bucks and dashing belles as may be from home at the time of closing the doors. Its inventor is second cousin to the proprietor of the cucumber seed and nutmeg manufactory on the banks of the Quinnebaug.

ORNITHOLOGY.—A man was recently observed in a creeping posture, with his fowling piece pointed at a stump on which birds have been sometimes known to perch.

A COBBLER'S LAST.—An obscure cobbler once returned thanks through the newspapers to the fire department for saving his stock. This caused considerable laughter, till a person observed that he supposed the poor fellow's stock was his *awl*.

ENGLISH MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A laborer reading the newspaper to his wife, came to the following passage: "His Grace was received with three huzzas," which he read, "His Grace was received with three *hussies*." "More shame for him," said the good woman.

EDITORIAL MISERY.—Straining one's ideas to produce something smart, and the next week finding it copied without credit into a cotemporary print.

THE REAL SPUNK.—A gentleman noticing an urchin devouring green apples, took occasion to caution him of the danger of subjecting himself to an attack of the Cholera, the boy replied, "I an't afraid of Cholera, I live in a *Drug Store*."

RIDICULOUS. The Providence physicians who were sent to New-York to study the Cholera, on their return home were put under quarantine and *fumigated*. After having undergone a thorough scrubbing and smoking, and changing their clothes, they were permitted to enter the city.

APPROPRIATE PRESENT. The Ladies of this city, it is said, who attended a course of Lectures by Mr. Graham, the eloquent advocate for Temperance, have presented him with a neat silver *Punch Bowl*, as a mark of respect.

PUNNING. Punning is sometimes a fruitful occupation. A London paper states that in the rush that took place one evening at the commons, Sir Charles *Lemon* came in for a *squeeze*, which he said played the *juice* with him. "Never mind my *pip*," said a Baronet, behind him, "there's *Peel* as badly off; and here am I, a *civil Orangeman*, suffering as others do by the *press*: but it is *fruitless* to let ourselves be *soured*!"

HORRIBLE. The Constellation says that two gentlemen sitting at a very crowded table in one of our Hotels, came so *closely* in contact, that they unhappily thrust their elbows so far into each others *bread-baskets*, as to cause their immediate dissolution.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOM. The Philadelphia Chronicle, of Wednesday says, in speaking of the Cholera, this morning there was a still more decided case than any of the former. A lad of about forty summers, named Johnny Baxter, was brought to the Police in a cart, having been found lying on the pavement in Dock street, upon his face, apparently lifeless, with the words, "*Cholera, first stage*," in large letters pasted upon his back. His Honor decided that it was only an aggravated case of the rum cholera, and sent him to a hospital built expressly for the reception of such cases.

CHINESE LAWYERS. A late number of the Canton Register says, "We hear from Sze-chuen that thirty three vagabond lawyers, who stir up litigations, have been taken into custody, and are to be *punished*."

What an unhappy country China must be, where professional men behave in so undignified and unjustifiable a manner. Stir up litigations in a community! Vagabond lawyers! O Phœbus! what an epithet.

USE OF A PAIR OF TONGS. An unwonted use for this ingenious instrument, is described by M. Segrais in his memoirs and anecdotes. He relates that a certain preacher, making a panegyric on Louis XIII, and praising his chastity, gave the following example, with all the emphasis of exaggeration: "This prince," said he, "playing one day at shuttlecock, with one of the ladies belonging to his court, and the shuttlecock having fallen into her bosom, she desired that his majesty would come and take it out himself. But what did this chaste prince? To avoid the snare that was laid for him, he took the tongs from the chimney corner, and by means of that instrument prevented the danger to which he might have otherwise been exposed from such a temptation."

The Exeter News Letter says: "No man in England is attacked by the Cholera, who pays promptly his subscription for his newspapers. It attacks *delinquents* and *borrowers* without exception." As the Cholera is now in this country, would not an immediate attention to the above be commendable? We would be happy to save the lives of many—receipts in payment for *subscriptions* given at the shortest notice.

Great distress prevails in Newfoundland, and provisions are so scarce that people have killed and eaten their dogs and cats.

DRY HUMOR. An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long distance in a stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to Paddy, "Are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very *wet*, but please your honor, I'm very *dry*!"

A newly married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned—a person coming to their assistance, observed it was a very shocking sight. 'Very shocking indeed,' replied the gentleman, 'to see a new married couple fall out so soon.'

SELECTIONS

From Foreign Publications received at this Office.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The latest intelligence from the king of romance left him in London, whither he had just returned from his continental tour, which had not by any means effected the desired restoration of his health—a consummation which is now completely despaired of. A letter from Rome, written on the 17th May, soon after his quitting that city, gives the following interesting particulars relative to his visit to Italy:

"Last week Sir Walter Scott left this city, intending to return to Abbotsford by way of Florence, Venice, Munich, Stuttgard, Frankfort, Cologne, Holland, and England. On the whole his residence in Italy has been very beneficial to him, though the effects of the severe paralytic stroke will probably never be wholly removed, as the lameness in his foot was much increased, and he speaks with difficulty. Those who are able perfectly to follow him as he speaks soon perceive that the intellectual stream still flows in uninterrupted purity, rapidity and strength." This is also proved by his activity. Besides the work which he has already sent home—"The Siege of Malta," he is now putting the last hand to a Calabrian novel, "Bizarro," which is founded on the extraordinary adventures of a very formidable bandit chief. He greatly regrets the death of Goethe, because, as he expressed himself, "he would have been so happy to see by his own fireside the powerful genius on whom the world turned." Sir Walter received an invitation to Weimar the very week that Goethe died. If he attended only to his health he would return by sea; but he is drawn by an irresistible longing to the romantic mountains and antique castles that look down into the blue waves of Father Rhine.

Mr. Richard Lander, the traveller in Africa, has left London to prosecute his discoveries in that quarter of the globe; principally on account of some mercantile houses in London and Liverpool. His brother, Mr. John Lander, does not accompany him.

DREADFUL MORTALITY.—In all the details which have appeared of the ravages of the fearful pestilence which now afflicts the human race, we recollect nothing more thrilling than the following narrative of the sufferings of the passengers in a British vessel, as given in a Liverpool paper:

"The ship Brutus, Capt. Neilson, left the river Mersey on the 18th of May for Quebec, with three hundred and thirty passengers, principally persons from the agricultural districts, anxious to find in the Canadas profitable returns for their labor and capital. The crew was efficient, the captain able and attentive. The services of a surgeon and clergyman was also engaged, and every thing promised a favorable and pleasant voyage. The weather was calm and beautiful; and the first six days were spent without regret of the past, but in pleasing anticipations of the future. On Friday, the 25th of May, there was illness on board, but it created no alarm. On Sunday the 27th the crew and passengers were summoned to prayers, and the reverend gentleman preached from 1. Cor. xiii. "Now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity." He was listened to with the most marked attention, and the day closed with serenity and peace.

"The sun on the following morning rose unclouded: it shone on health, it set on dismay and death! A man in the vigor and prime of life was suddenly seized with illness; and soon the principal symptoms of malignant Cholera manifested themselves. The surgeon, aware of the necessity of prompt and vigorous exertion, at once applied the proper remedies, and his patient recovered.—His next patient was not so fortunate; and soon the news of a woman's death thrilled through the ship with awful solemnity. A child of a few days old soon followed; and the next day, Tuesday, death made a fearful advance. Alarm then arrived at its height, and each passenger began to view his fellow with looks of fearful apprehension. Sympathy became absorbed in the general fear of danger, and many sought protection by keeping aloof from those parts of the ship in which the sufferers lay. This was found of no avail, and on the following Sunday, the awful splash told of 13 being committed to the deep.

On Monday the deaths swelled in their amount, and the captain, finding himself deprived of the services of his second mate, carpenter, and steward, thought it in accordance with his duty to bear up for Cork, but finding that impossible, he altered his course for Liverpool, and arrived yesterday morning, and was immediately reported. The deaths amounted to seventy-nine, and two having died after coming into port, leaves the amount of mortality eighty-one individuals since the disease broke out."

COCKNIES. It is amusing and even ludicrous, says a late English paper, to trace the origin of many of our cant phrases. The Londoners have for a long period been called cocknies, and this epithet had its origin from the following circumstance:—A Londoner and a Yorkshireman were travelling in company, and as they passed a field, a horse neighed. 'Ello,' exclaimed the Londoner, 'Vot kind o' noise is that are.' 'Oh! an ass neigh—so hit is.' They had journied but a short distance farther when a cock crew. 'I suppose, friend,' said the Londoner, 'you call that 'ere a cock neigh.'

NOBILITY IN AMERICA.—The Lancaster Journal says—"We are requested to state that the Countess La Rochefoucault passed through this city on the 9th instant, on her way to visit the Rev. Mr. (formerly Prince) Gallitzin, in Cambria county. This lady is said to be well known in the District of Columbia, as she distributes her great wealth for charitable purposes."

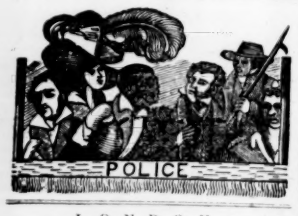
[Here is a *prince* preaching and practising the precepts of the gospel among the humble citizens of a village, and a *countess* going about distributing her wealth in alms. What a subject for the chastened pencil of the inimitable Mrs. Trollope!—*Balt. Gaz.*]

EARLY MARRIAGES.—A medical correspondent of the Portland Advertiser thinks it would be advantageous for females to pass their twenty-fifth year before they subject themselves to the cares and fatigues of the married life; as the constitution of few women can be regarded as firmly established until after their twentieth year. Every female who does not have an offer to her taste previous to that age will approve his advice; but such as may meet with a husband to their minds will, we suppose, snap their fingers at the doctor.

HOW TO BE SAVED.—When the Bishop of Exeter last preached in St. James's Church, he gave out this text—"What shall I do to be saved?"—A wag in the side gallery called out, to the evident discomfiture of the Right Rev. Prelate, but to the no small amusement of a great portion of the congregation, "Vote for the Reform Bill!" The beadle immediately bustled towards the place whence the sound proceeded, but no further notice was taken of the occurrence.

The London Literary Gazette announces Cooper's new novel, the Baron of Hastenberg on the Heiden-manner, as among the published and forthcoming works.

On Wednesday last a fellow drove up to the White Horse, Wetwyn, in a decent cart, and



LONDON.

MANSION-HOUSE.—*A Stage-struck Hero.* Frederick Newsome, a boy apparently about nine years of age, was charged with having stolen some articles of apparel from his mother. The policeman who took him into custody produced a couple of that description of theatrical swords used on the stage, when as the play bills announce "a terrific combat" is to ensue between those melo-dramatic heroes. These swords, the boy admitted, he had purchased of a Jew, in petticoat lane, with the money he procured by the sale of the stolen articles. It turned out, from questions that were put to the boy, that he had been seized with histrionic ambition, and, in order to qualify himself for "principal tragedian," had got up the play of *Othello*, in concert with a dramatic corps of juvenile aspirants. In order to do proper justice to the "jealous Moor," he had robbed his mother to purchase the requisite "properties" for dressing the character. While he was in the midst of his defence, with cork-blackened visage, pleading before a ragged conclave of Venitian Senators, a policeman shifted the scene unexpectedly by taking him before another tribunal, to conduct a defence on his own account. Among scraps of plays and other papers in his pocket was found the following programme of the intended representation:—"The meddle-drum of *Othello*" to be hacted on Tusdy nex, by the following poplar hactors—Fred. Newsome is to hact *Othello*; and Dick Mason is to hang out his shirt, and perform *Desdemondy*—Bill Curtis will play *Cashes*, and Jack Mason *do Hargeo*,—Bill Walker to hact *Amelia*, and to borrer his mother's handkercher. N. B. *Cashen* aint to hit Jack Mason on the nob when he fights him, and Fred Newsome aint to kick *Desdemondy* when he smothers her—Each hactor to have a sord—but only Bill Curtis and *Otheller* to have real 'uns."

The Lord Mayor reprimanded the boy severely upon learning that it was not the first time he had stolen property from his mother, and directed that he should be handed over to his friends.

SHAVING BY PROXY.—Mr. Wm. Grenly, landlord of a house in Ogle street, appeared before Mr. Rawlinson, to show cause why he took forcible possession of a portion of his own premises, occupied by Mr. Benjamin Pye, a knight of the pole, introduced a journeyman tonsor therein, and proceeded to shave the customers, without Mr. Benjamin Pye's consent or approbation.

Mr. Benjamin Pye stated that he occupied a shop and small room in Mr. Grenly's house, carrying on the art and mystery of shaving; and on Sunday morning last, being obliged to be absent for several hours, to wit, from seven until eleven, when he again reached his establishment he was thunderstruck at finding his shop open, a brother of the craft in possession, the fire lighted, a mountain of lather on the table, the chins of most of his customers beardless, and the new occupant lathering away at the few that remained. Although Mr. Benjamin Pye came in only at the 'eleventh hour,' he thought he had a right to shave the remainder: but the landlord thought otherwise, and so did the landlord's journeyman; therefore the landlord continued to pocket the pennies, and the journeyman to shave; and he, Mr. Benjamin Pye, was obliged to look on at this unwarrantable encroachment upon his rights and razors.

"Really," said Mr. Rawlinson, when the complaint was concluded, "I think you ought to be much obliged to your landlord, for taking care of your customers in your absence."

"But only think of using my fire, my soap, and my razors," said Mr. Pye, who looked upon it as by no means a laughing matter; "does your worship call that nothing?"

"But only think, Mr. Pye, of leaving a customer to carry about all Sunday a week's beard upon his chin," returned Mr. Rawlinson, "do you call *that* nothing?"

Mr. Grenly said that, between nine and ten on Sunday morning, he found a crowd of artizans, with beards as black as Jews', collected round the shop door. Several voices exclaimed that "the barber had hanged himself!" Mr. Grenly became alarmed, and hastened to the room up stairs belonging to Mr. Pye, which he broke open, where he was happy to find that the opinion entertained by Mr. Pye's customers, that he had laid violent hands upon himself, was totally groundless. His next object was to allay the fears of his customers, who, finding Mr. Pye was still able to perform tonsorial duties, declared, one and all, that they should be shaved by Mr. Benjamin Pye's razor, and that alone; so, finding them determined not to go away unshorn, he at length opened the shop, called in another barber, and proceeded to do Mr. Benjamin Pye's work by proxy.

"But, if so be I had hanged myself" said Mr. Pye, "you could have seen it through the window, without breaking the door."

"I didn't know in what part of the room you might have tucked yourself up," replied mine host; "you might have hanged yourself up the chimney for all I knew."

"Really, I don't see what injury you have suffered," said Mr. Rawlinson: "the landlord has been very kind, in my opinion, to keep your customers."

"Just so," continued the landlord: "I tell you what, sir, (turning to the complainant) you have no more gratitude than a barber's block."

"Besides, young man," observed Mr. Rawlinson, "do, for a moment, consider the injury this person [Mr. Grenly] was likely to sustain. His shop had acquired a character for 'barbarising' of a superior quality. Now, if the admirers of your razors found that they could not enjoy the luxury of an 'easy shave on Sunday morning, at your shop, they would go elsewhere. There is a great moral responsibility resting upon a barber to take care that his customers' chins should be lathered in proper time, that they may get early to church. My advice to you, then, is that you have your razors stropped, your water hot, soap ready, and begin early. Stick to your lather, sir, stick to your lather." So saying, the worthy magistrate dismissed the summons.

PHILADELPHIA.

A good song is a very good thing in its place; but there is a degree of negative talent required to enable a man to time his vocalism properly. A good song after the twentieth round; and what would tell then, would not be listened to after the company have done with roaring "A Pie sat on a pear tree." The same holds good in other situations. The excellence of a song, like that of a pun, depends upon the when and where of the firing off of the said pun or song, and a good joke here, is a dead failure there. If Peter meet John in the street, it is a good joke for Peter to nip John by the skin, and bark like a dog; and it is the superlative of fun for John to kick up behind to the detriment of Peter's body corporate. But if Peter or John meet Miss Amelia Matilda Wilhemina Skeggs, the same joke would not be very graciously received; and she would both squeal and ruffle up like a turkey at Peter or John. He who has ever so sinned, will not repeat the offence.—A young lady, when she calls up her dignity, and looks sublime, is truly awful. She becomes Jupiter and the convict endures the fate of Semele.—Again, if John be under the wing of an elderly gentleman, whose good will is of importance, he must never pull away the old gentleman's chair, and suffer him to fall with unbecoming haste upon the floor. If John does, it is ten to one that the old gentleman will not understand the joke, excellent as it is allowed to be. Nor would it be advisable to jog the old gentleman's elbow, when he takes a drink, though Peter would relish it.—These restrictions circumscribe a wit's field of action, and show how very stupid the world is. But even wits must follow in some matters, and obey the lead of the majority.

The above reflections owe their origin to the melancholy fate of James Feedle Esq. who was arrested on Sunday morning for singing in the street.

"Oh my love is like the red, red rose," sang James.

"Quit that!" exclaimed the watch.

"Quit yourself" said James, with piquancy, as he is unrivalled at a repartee. "Mind your own business."

"Hold your whist," replied the watch. "Be civil, or you are a gone gosling."

"I shall do as I like," replied James. "I am as white a man as you are in the darkest night that ever growed."

"Then your joke is up," said the watch, securing Mr. Feedle under his arm. The dialogue was smart on both sides, and James was evidently the best dialectic wrangler, but the watch has a method of begging the question, and of coming to a conclusion by a short cut, which abridges the pleasure of an argument and brings his opponent to a nonplus, before the subject is fairly under weigh. James, in the morning, observed that he had been in search of his boss, at the time of the arrest, and probably had been humoring as he went for want of thought, but as for any intention of depriving Sinclair or Horn of a living, he was as innocent as "no body never was." In the course of the examination, it was hinted that James had attacked, not Horn the vocalist, but small horn in an improper way. He was fined.

BALTIMORE.

A REGULAR ROW.—The row-market has recently been rather dull—*common sprees* occur frequently, when half the world is lulled by "Nature's soft nurse," but so little of import takes place that they are scarcely worth notice. We can only attribute this *moral* change to fear of the Cholera. Thursday night was clear, moonlight and cool: just such a night as woos the poet forth to commune with the stars, and keeps the *rum 'uns* from napping, though the *Charlies* take a double dose of poppies. It was just the night for a row; so a couple of foreigners, both *au fait* in the science of pugilism, and one of them a knowing one at foil and quarter-staff, concluded to settle a dispute "tickled up" in an oyster establishment, by the light of the moon, and in the monotonous silence of night. They accordingly took a stand not a hundred miles from Market-street, and began with some very splendid displays of the science. The spectators were numerous, and bets wavered from side to side, until those night-hawks, the *Charlies* thought they had *summut* to say in the business and accordingly interposed the strong arm of the law.

"Yentlemens' unt you have proken te beace.

"Sacre bleu! exclaimed one of the antagonists, suiting the action to the word—"I shall brake—a you *piece* for you." So down went Charley No. 1.

"I tell ye vot, stranger—you haint a going for to come it over us in this ere manner; you must go right strut off to the watch-house."

"Rascal! take zis for one proof of ze friendship I shall suppose to bear for you;" exclaimed the other blood: and down went Charley No. 2.

"Och! by the mother of Moses—but you shall sweat for this if you were in an ice house, you spalpeen—off with ye, I say."

"Ah ha! take a dat—I fetch a some claret from ze hole of you nbse!" So down went Charley No. 3!!!

The action continued with this severe odds against the Charlies for some time, fully proving the efficacy of the science, until the *rum 'uns* were overpowered by a host of Charlies, and "bundled." We have not heard their fate.—*Baltimore Visiter.*

We announce with pleasure the arrival of our talented countryman, JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, from London, by the packet ship President. In anticipation of Mr. Payne's return, a committee of literary gentlemen had made arrangements to receive him in a becoming manner. The Cholera will probably delay the arrangements.

The ship ROSCOE, intended for Messrs. Fish, Grinnell & Co.'s line of Liverpool packets, was launched on Thursday morning from Smith, Demun & Comstock's shipyard at the foot of Lane street. She is a superb vessel of 600 tons, and will be commanded by Capt. James Rogers, formerly of the Caledonia.

An under sheriff, having to attend a malefactor to execution on Friday, went to him on the Wednesday before, to ask the following favor: "My good friend," said the sheriff, "you know I have orders to see you executed next Friday; now I have business of great importance at London on that day, and as you must die so soon, one day's difference can make no odds: and I should take it as a particular favor if you would be hanged on Thursday morning." The prisoner said, "I am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this particular; I have business of great importance on Friday morning; but Mr. Sheriff, to show you that I am not an ungrateful man, suppose we put off this said execution till Monday morning; if you like that Mr. Sheriff, I'll agree to it with all my heart."

The paintings, books, and articles of vertu, forming the most splendid collection in Ireland, the property of Henry Harrington, Esq. of Grangeon, in the county of Wicklow, are now submitted to public view at the Earl of Fingal's house, in Great Denmark street, Dublin, previous to their being brought to the hammer. The library contains many thousand volumes, including works of the greatest variety. There are thirty thousand engravings; the coins, shells and minerals afford some of the choicest specimens; and amongst the paintings, which are between one and two thousand in number, are to be found some of the finest efforts of the old masters. The entire, it is said, cost Mr. Harrington one hundred thousand pounds, and took him half a century to get together; like another Beckford, he is now obliged to part with this almost matchless collection, and, like the owner of Fonthill Abbey, the proprietor of Grangeon is remarkable for his eccentricities. Hundreds of these paintings, it is stated, have remained for years unpacked, awaiting the building of an addition to his picture gallery.

THE PITT CLUB.—The triennial festival of the birth-day of William Pitt was celebrated at Merchant Tailors' Hall on Wednesday, the Duke of Wellington in the chair. About four hundred noblemen and gentlemen sat down to dinner, and the evening was spent with the greatest conviviality.

Prince Polignac has been amusing himself during his imprisonment with writing a pamphlet on the events which led to his own overthrow. It is ably written, and contains a great deal of useful and curious information.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—An inquest was held on Sunday last over the body of a female, apparently aged about 17 years, who was found drowned in the North River, near the foot of North Moore street. She was respectably attired, and did not appear to have been drowned more than twenty-four hours.

At the hour at which the inquest was held, no evidence had been received by which the body could be identified, nor did it exhibit any marks of violence; the jury, therefore, returned a general verdict of *found drowned*. Since that time, however, we have heard a melancholy story of the cause of the unfortunate event. We learn that the deceased was the daughter of a citizen in genteel circumstances, but she had fallen away from the paths of virtue and deserted the house of her parents. Her father sought her, and found her in one of those receptacles of vice which are but too numerous in this city. He was harsh in his endeavors to reclaim her, and she, under the misguided feelings of the moment, rushed to the dreadful remedy of suicide!

Her fate affords a fearful example of the consequences of forsaking the path of virtue.—*Courier.*

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

No class of citizens, we believe, feel more sensibly the present depression and unwonted gloom, than those more or less immediately connected with our theatrical establishments. This Class is much larger than a novice in these matters would suppose, and includes in their number many highly respectable and talented individuals, whose means of contending with "life's sea of troubles," are most sensibly affected.

The Park is still open, and presents attractions that in ordinary times, would ensure good houses. The stock actors in this company are not equalled in America; yet, though their various powers are nightly put into requisition, and the benefits of their greatest favorites are continually announced, they are doomed to make their bows to a lean pit, and almost empty boxes.

In the Ravel family, the Park possesses an acquisition that, really should afford a richer return, than we fear, it has received. Their performances are surprising, and we hope they will remain to show their wonderful agility to the crowds that will soon be returning to our city.

We regret that the engaging Miss Courtney, should, in coming among us have fallen on such evil times, but we warrant her the assurance of smiles and full houses, if she will reserve her fascinating powers, for better and happier days.

The ever lady-like and charming Mrs. Sharpe, toils in her vocation with the cheerfulness of one, conscious of fulfilling her duty. We need not say her reward is at hand, and well she deserves it.

The American and the Richmond Hill are both closed, meanwhile the enterprising managers are improving the opportunity to refit and ornament their houses for the approaching Autumn, confidently anticipating a rich harvest of glory and patronage.

We shall be greatly disappointed if the opening theatrical season does not bring with it greater attractions than have been offered to our community for years. The far famed, and much talked of Italian Troupe are now probably on their passage to our shores, and we learn from our foreign papers that a bright *galaxy of Stars* from the French and English boards, will shortly present themselves as candidates for the smiles and admiration of our truly hospitable and patronizing community.

From *Bell's Life in London*, we have gathered several items of GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE, that may not prove uninteresting to many of our readers. We find also in a French periodical, an article entitled "The Seraph and the Mortal," which from the moral it inculcates and the beauty of the language is well worth a perusal.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Mr. Young took his farewell benefit at Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday night. The house was thronged to suffocation, and much confusion prevailed during the early part of the performance of the tragedy of "Hamlet." It was not till Mr. Young came to the soliloquy, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh, would melt," that things became quiet, the flesh of the audience having by that time actually thereby occupying as little room as of course, giving more room. Mr. Young, at the conclusion of the performance, took leave of the stage and the public in a neat and appropriate speech, and was enthusiastically cheered. Hamlet was Mr. Young's first part when he came to London in June, 1807, and, with good taste, he chose it as his last. Macready played the Ghost, and Charles Matthews, who played Polonius to Mr. Young's Hamlet in 1807, now sustained the same character—a just tribute to an old friend and brother buskin.

Saturday evening week Signor Tamburini made his first appearance in England at the King's theatre, in the character of Dandini, in *La Cenerentola*.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have an engagement in Dublin, after which they will return to Liverpool.

Drury-lane Theatre will open on the 1st of October next, under the stage management of Mr. Bunn.

Mr. Wallack after fulfilling engagements at Bath and Bristol, will sail for America in July.

Covent Garden Theatre will close at the end of the present month. Mr. and Miss Kemble have to be at Edinburgh on the 2d of July.

Wilkinson the original "Jeffery Muffincap" at the English Opera House, and "Logic," at the Adelphi Theatre, has obtained an engagement in America, and crosses the Atlantic in July.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles has received but £400 as the author of the "Hunchback," from the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. He has of course, received extra remuneration as an actor.

The actors of Covent Garden Theatre presented a very handsome ring to Mr. Young on his retiring from the stage.

The Haymarket Theatre will open to-morrow. All the old favorites, and some new actors and actresses have been engaged. Kean has also been engaged for twelve nights, and will commence his labors to-morrow evening as Richard. Miss Smithson will appear as Queen Elizabeth.

Preparations are making at the Olympic Theatre for the English Opera Company, who will commence their campaign there in a week.

Madame Vestris and Mr. Dowton are drawing crowded audiences to the Queen's Theatre.

THE SERAPH AND THE MORTAL.

From the French.

The Theatre ——— in Paris was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the appearance of a young girl celebrated for her beauty, virtue, artless innocence, and extraordinary talents.—The critics of that famed metropolis had never witnessed loveliness and genius so universally acknowledged and admired. The highest ranks vied with each other in praising her charms, and her wonderful skill in music—the voice which nature had bestowed upon her as a precious gift corresponding with the rare grace of her person and the brilliancy of her mind. It was whispered abroad that she had received offers of marriage from the loftiest in wealth and rank—that the choicest spirits of the age courted her society and were spell-bound by her fascinations. Royalty itself had sanctioned the general opinion. Never had Paris seen an individual whose appearance was greeted with more rapturous acclamations.

The opera proceeded until the scene came which was to introduce the heroine. Long before she entered, bursts of applause broke forth in various parts of the eager and dense throng—there was a moment's silence, and a creature, perfectly and exquisitely lovely, suddenly shone before them, bending with the grace of a summer bud amidst the tremendous peal of the gathered thousands which burst forth and died away, and burst forth again and again till the dome trembled and the foundation seemed rent asunder. Amid this tumult of enthusiasm, I stood with folded arms gazing at the vision, which to me seemed to have floated from the skies. A break of music from the orchestra announced a favorite air, and she came forward to the stage-lights to sing. Not in the depths of the green forest in the hush of noon—not in the desert in its wide desolation—not in the dark tomb itself, could reign a silence more perfect than hung over that vast multitude. It seemed as if the light and beautiful being, whose lofty plumes of snow bent down above a radiant face, was an enchantress, and by some potent spell had struck each one into a statue, with the coloring, and attitude, and expression of life. And then when the last notes, which seemed warbled from the throat of a nightingale, had passed away, the silence for a moment continued, as if no one dared disturb the air on which yet hung the echo of the most delicious notes ever heard by mortals. I thought to myself, if fate would give such a creature to me! The idea haunted me; I loved her; I was wretched.

Three years after I met her in London. Dismal! I could not believe my own eyes. There was the same face—but all the glory was gone. It was dimmed and obscured. The seraph had sunk into the mortal. It was the sun shorn of his beams. It was the angel fallen, whose brightness was not the same. I had just married an artless girl, whose modesty shrank from every eye but mine, who could neither dance, nor sing, nor play on any instrument. It happened that we embarked together on a voyage of some length. I had every opportunity of judging of the character of my theatrical enchantress. It was dreadful. I shuddered at the escape I had made. How many a man is rendered miserable by falling in love with beauty and accomplishments, instead of mind and soul!

L.

Sporting Intelligence.

From the American Turf Register.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

By various untoward circumstances, the field of horses at the Central Course was smaller, and the contests less interesting and animated than were anticipated.

Among other causes the distemper among the young horses in Virginia, exceeding any thing ever known before, and which threw more than forty of them hors-de-combat, contributed to diminish the number. It is questionable too whether the time is not ill adapted, with reference to the meetings in the North and South. Hence we the more regret, that our suggestion of a Convention of Representatives from clubs of the several states was not acted upon. There can be no doubt that such a convention would be attended with good effects in many respects, and that it ought to be promoted by all who have property in blooded horses, and who take an interest in the sports for which nature designed them.

Notwithstanding the facilities offered so liberally by all the steamboat companies, and the high prizes offered, there were from the North but two horses, to wit: Virginia Taylor, from Mr. Craig's training stable, and the Flying Dutchman, from Mr. Badger's—both of which won all they contended for. From the South, on which we had counted so largely, there was no stable, except Colonel Johnson's; out of which Annette, winner of the three mile day at Tree Hill, (and since beaten by Malcolm at Norfolk,) bore off the $500 purse, and Andrew, (winner of the four mile day at Tree Hill, and since at Norfolk,) took the post stake of $1500. Thus winning three thousand dollars within thirty days. There is one reflection worthy to be made by those who have good horses and neglected to bring them, that there were $3500 in hard chink, borne off; every dollar of it won in slow time, besides the silver pitchers, with their appropriate and beautiful designs, and rendered doubly valuable in being presented by bridal hands fair enough

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet."

Let those who exclaim "Oh that I could have foreseen it," look at the list of stakes still open for next fall. Let them remember *that and no Flying Dutchman*, winner of the $1500 stake, or but recent distinction, under a cool $4,000, not now look at yonder additional feather he has stuck in the well plumed bonnet of John Richards.

Some of the contests, although apparently not very unequal, were witnessed with an interest much the less lively, as from the reputation of the horses or their owners, every one seemed to anticipate the result, and of course there was little betting. It was like the chase of a *bag* fox that you follow with less ardor, as however stout he may be, or well he may struggle to elude the jaws of death as there you know the chase must end; there is an absence of that doubt and uncertainty which gives significance and character to every incident. The loss upon a road, the walking the fence, the taking to water, the baying of the crow—now depressed by an ugly loss—now elated with a sharp recover—now running to kill—now in view and then the death! Followed by the clear winding horn, to call in the cockneys that have stuck, or got lost by the way. No such glorious thing—all is flat, stale and unprofitable—so were some of the contests at the last meeting on the Central Course, except to the winners—not so however the last day—all was doubt—every one was in a quandary and never were bets more at sixes and sevens.

This struggle for the jockey club purse, $1000 "hard money," was between the Flying Dutchman, trained under the immediate inspection of his owner—Reform trained by Mr. Brightwell—Sparrowhawk, who had all skill of an Alexander, to keep him along; and Nullifier, led to the post by a small, dry looking man, with a sharp, knowing eye, and a still tongue, with a hat that stands nine ways for Sunday, and whose antagonists quake at the sight of that old slouched beaver, as do the Bourbons still at the cocked hat of Napoleon.

It was a beautiful race throughout, exciting the liveliest interest from beginning to end. The first heat, well contested by the Dutchman and Nullifier, was won cleverly by the former; Reform and Sparrowhawk, running in reserve. The second heat, the four miles were closely between Nullifier and Sparrowhawk, running locked near the whole distance; won a length or more by the former. The Flying Dutchman and Reform laying far in the rear. Third heat, Sparrowhawk was now drawn, having broken one of his plates and his hoof—on this, as on the poststake day, Sparrowhawk proved himself a game horse—making time that six times out of ten would win four mile heats. For a short while Reform had the lead, but was soon passed by Nullifier, who, in turn, yielded it to the Flying Dutchman; for two miles the three ran together, but gradually the two former separated from the latter, and the heat was again won cleverly by several lengths, by the Flying Dutchman.

In this race Nullifier was as much distinguished for a rare exhibition of bottom, being the contending nag throughout, running most of the distance under the whip, as the Flying Dutchman was for speed. The bets had strangely varied between them, but on starting, Nullifier was freely bet against the field. After the first heat, there were sanguine expectations on Sparrowhawk. The betting was even—the Flying Dutchman against the field; but after the second heat, two to one on the Flying Dutchman.

TROTTING EXTRAORDINARY. On the 8th of May, a farmer named James Kaye, of Blundell, near Liverpool, matched his horse to trot 15 miles within the hour, on the road between Mile-end, Liverpool, and Buscough bridge, on the Preston road—about the worst piece of ground for such a feat in all England, there being several bridges to cross, as well as some high hills, one, in particular, nearly a mile and a half in length. The horse broke in the first mile, and twice going down the steep hill of Aughton, and was turned; but nevertheless won in gallant style within the stipulated time. The match was for £50, and time was backed, before starting, at 20 to 1, large sums changed hands. This wonderful little horse is seven years old, and fourteen hands, and an inch high—of no very prepossessing appearance, and altogether of the cart breed. He has since been sold for £150, and can be backed from one to five hundred pounds to trot 20 miles, and carry 14 st. or weight for inches, against any horse in the kingdom.—*Bell's Life in London.*

GRAND DINNER TO THE JOCKEY CLUB.—His Majesty, gave on Wednesday evening his usual grand dinner to the Jockey Club, which was served up in the banqueting room. The company assembled in the bell room to the number of about seventy. The dinner was served on three tables, (one long table and two cross.) In the middle of each were centre peices, interspersed with candelabras, with one of larger dimensions than the rest in the centre of each table. The beaufet of gold plate was arranged in a similar manner to the dinner of the Knights of Bath.—After dinner the hoof of the celebrated racer, Eclipse, elegantly mounted in the middle of a gold salver, was produced, and was presented by the Ring to the Club. The top of the hoof had a covering of gold, on which was engraved the figure of Eclipse. The hoof was supported by a pedestal of gold; on the sides of which is the following inscription:—"This piece of plate with the hoof of the Eclipse, was presented by his most gracious Majesty William IV. to the Jockey Club—May, 1832." The salver itself was very chastely and elegantly ornamented. The handles are formed by wreaths of laurel. *Ib.*

PIGEON SHOOTING. On Saturday week, Mr. Cline and Mr. F. Follet shot at Battersea Inclosure twelve pigeons each, distance 21 yards, for £70; the latter was the winner. Mr. Ince shot the winner at five double shots each, the same distance for ten pounds, which he won by a bird.—On Monday the ground was as fully attended to witness the match that we announced in our last, between Messrs. Arrowsmith and Groom: the terms of the match being 25 pigeons each, 21 yards rise; the charge 2½ shot limited to two ounces, single guns, for fifty pounds. At the 21st shot Mr. Arrowsmith won the match by killing nineteen.

On Friday Mr. Easton and Mr. Day shot a match of twelve pigeons each, distance from the trap 25 yards, for £20. At the fourth shot they tied, each scoring four: Mr. Easton killed the next, and his opponent missed. The betting was then five to four on Mr. E. The takers of the odds were the winners, the favorite losing by a bird; Mr. Day killing nine. A match followed by the same party at twelve sparrows each, eighteen yards, £10 which was won by Mr. Day.—Mr. Easton shot three matches with a gentleman at twelve pigeons each, for five sovereigns a match Mr. E. shooting at twenty-five yards, and his antagonist at thirty. Mr. E. was the winner of all. Mr. Easton and Mr. Groom shot on the same terms, which ended in a tie. *Ib.*

A GOOD SHOT. In the English and American Sporting Magazines, we frequently read of surprising performances in shooting, both in the number of birds killed, and the succession of shots without missing. At this moment, there are no particular facts that occur to me—but I am inclined to think, that there is nothing to be found in those publications, which in the succession of killing shots, has surpassed the performance of Mr. B., of Framingham, who sometime in the month of September last, killed and bagged one hundred and nine woodcocks in cover, out of one hundred and eleven shots. Perhaps, however, some instance may be produced of a greater number of shots in succession, as he had killed about fifty before he missed, but it is doubtful whether there is any authentic record of but two birds missed out of one hundred and eleven shots. When it is considered how difficult it is to shoot in cover in this country, particularly in woodcock ground, in the midst of thickets—this must be considered wonderful shooting indeed; but Mr. B. is not less remarkable for his sagacity in finding his game, than his success in shooting it; few ornithologists have a better knowledge of the habits of the feathered tribe. It has been remarked by an English sportsman, that it is a sufficient entertainment to go over the ground with him without shooting one's self, and I have often noticed the deadly effects of his shots upon the birds, which seemed instantly deprived of life, comp. red to inferior shots, who do but wing tip their game. If a bird flies, he knows exactly where to look for him. If he is hit without falling, he either says that bird will get away,' or 'wherever he has fallen, we shall find him dead.' But it is not only birds—for rabbits, squirrels, and musk rats share the same fate, and it is death for any living thing to cross his path.—Those who know and esteem the character of Mr B. are aware that he would rather shun than seek a trial of skill, yet such is their confidence in his superiority, that he could be backed against any other shot in the United States.—*Sport. Mag.*

SWIMMING CHALLENGE. Dr. Bedale, the swimmer, intends to set out on a tour to London, Margate, Brighton, &c., on the 4th of July, and again challenges any man in the world, not exceeding twelve months younger, nor 5lbs. heavier than himself, for £100 a side, which swims in the least time thirty miles in one tide, or goes the farthest in five hours, in the river Thames—to swim in his dress.—*Bell's Life in London.*

The Turf Register gives the following directions for feeling a horse's pulse: which is, by applying the *palm of the hand*, pressing it hard, *just behind the elbow of the left fore leg!* The 'ill effects of rest' and the 'good effects of work,' are said to be exemplified in the instance of the horse.

A few days ago a woman, only 17 years of age who had been arrested in the uniform of the National Horse Guards, with the riband of July and the decorations of Belgium and Poland, appeared before the Tribunal of the Correctional Police.—She proved by a certificate that she had fought for liberty in Belgium, and produced an attestation from Dr. Marc that she was affected with *exaltation martiale*. Of the charge of wearing a disguise she was acquitted, it being shown that she had obtained permission of the Prefect of Police to wear male attire. For illegally wearing Orders, however, the heroine was condemned to eight days imprisonment.

The following singular murder was lately committed by a negro woman, near Middleburne, Tyler county, Virginia. A young man residing in the family in which the negro woman was a servant, gave her some offence, when she, in a rage, threatened to kill a young lady to whom he was about to be married. The threat then was unheeded, but some days after, the young lady having some occasion to cross the river, the negress offered her services to row the boat—the offer was accepted, and when the boat was half way over the river, the negress suddenly rose and plunged the lady into the river, at the same time striking her with the oar, and holding her under water until she was drowned. The murderess was soon arrested, and immediately confessed her crime and acknowledged her motive.

Among the pupils of a boarding school, not many miles from Philadelphia, was a boy, not at all remarkable for being one of the bright ones, but on the contrary, was a very senseless, stupid kind of a boy, whose very appearance was destitute of animation. He was not of course, very quick at grammer, a study not the most inviting to boys of the best capacity and disposition. One day while undergoing the operation of the class, the teacher endeavored to make him understand the nature of the verb. 'A passive verb,' said he, 'expresses the nature of receiving of an action, as Peter is beaten: now what did Peter do?' The numscull paused a moment and scratched his head by way of thought, with the gravest countenance imaginable replied, 'Well I don't know without he *Advertised*.'

AN AMAZON. On the 16th ult. a young woman was removed from Ashover to the township of Duckmanton, previous to her accouchement. She was delivered on the Saturday following, and on Tuesday (the 22d) she walked from Duckmanton to Ashover, a distance of nine miles, and carried her child.—*Derbyshire Courier.*

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A few days ago, as Mrs. Webster, of Cottam, near Retford, was feeding fowls in her farm-yard, from some unknown cause a cock flew at her, and stuck his spur into her knee. In a day or two it began to swell, and notwithstanding medical advice was obtained, the place got worse and worse; a mortification ensued, and on the morning of Saturday last she died.

The Miner's Journal, says—A Cholera paper has been sent us from the city. We perused it, and immediately had a slight attack of the disease, fortunately Swaim's Vermifuge was by our side, and it was soon over. We hope our friends will refrain from sending us any more numbers of this *pestilence* paper.

One of our New England exchange papers has adopted the "olden time" mode of marking out where its office may be found:—"Office on Main street, fifteen rods south-west of the court-house—over Chester Judson's dry goods store—entrance in the rear of the building"—two monkeys will be found at the door, one holding a bowl of punch, and the other a box of segars.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TROTTING COURSE,

MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

IN consequence of the prevalence of the Cholera, the regular races on this Course are suspended for the present. Due notice will be given of their re establishment. Meantime, the Course remains open for Private Matches and for Training; and sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

July 28, 1832.

AGENCY OFFICE.

AMERICAN and Foreign Agency Office, No. 497 *Pearl-street*, near Chatham-street, New-York.

Merchants, Hotels, Public Houses, Private Families, Boarding-house Keepers and others, can always be supplied with the best of help, such as Clerks, Barkeepers, Housekeepers, Seamstresses, Chambermaids, Nurses, Waiters, and Cooks of every description.

People from the country can always find good employment in the different branches, and good wages, by giving satisfactory references.

Captains of vessels can always procure Mates, Stewards, Cooks and Cabin Boys. Steamboats supplied with Chambermaids, Waiters and Cooks, &c. by applying at the above mentioned Office.

He also attends to the Land Agency Business, such as buying, selling and letting Houses, Lots and Farms.

N. B. Notes, Bills, and Accounts collected, and returns made punctually; good references given.

D. F. MOSES, *Agent.*

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above HOUSE, under the superintendence of MR. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing*.

A STEAMBOAT leaves New-York every day for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 7 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

TO HOUSE CARPENTERS.

A YOUNG man wishes to bind himself as an Apprentice to the trade of a House Carpenter, for the term of 3 or 4 years. For further inquiries, &c. apply at this office.

July 28, 1832.

POEM ON INTEMPERANCE.

MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance, in five cantos, is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Bennett & Smith, D. Appleton, and J. Seymour, New-York; and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles. 71 William-street New-York.

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,

No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

LOST,

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Saireville Collection*, is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers-street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools,—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French, by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Caricci, Guercino, Francesco, Biola, Fra-Bartolomeo, Carlo Dolce, Diego Velasquez, Murillo, Ruben's and Daniel Segheri, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Sneyders, de Koninch, Peniers, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Lesslaur, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings, by or after Guido, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. D. D——.

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1.

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp. in 18mo, 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter.—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Saireville's Gallery, Chamber-street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarterly tickets $1.

Description delivered gratis. The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Tyes & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md.,

☞ Orders to insure attention must only be addressed to any of my offices.

The Autumn Races, &c.

FALL RACES,

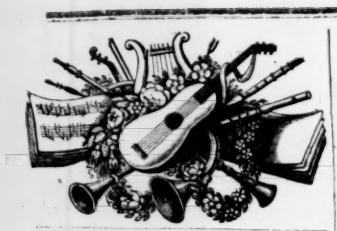
OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs; five years 114 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 126 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, m



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

'TIS WHEN THE CUP, &c.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And heaven gives a glimpse of its blue;
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We're better, far better off thus, boy, thus,
For him but two bright eyes are shining,
See what numbers are sparkling for us.

When on one side the grape juice is dancing,
And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough t'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb e'en a saint in his dreams;
Tho' this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank is growing,
And such eyes light the waves as they run.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE POLISH WAR.—At the commencement of the war, four brothers entered the Army together, while the fifth remained at home, to superintend the management of the estate. The ladies of the neighborhood, hearing this, sent the stay-at-home a distaff, as a token of his reception among the sisterhood.—A Gallician lady, being solicited in marriage by a young man of rank and fortune, said, "I believe I could be happy with you; but the way to my heart lies through Warsaw." The lover took the hint, and fought bravely in the ranks of his countrymen, till their cause had become hopeless: and the lady became his bride.—The 4th regiment, which so gloriously distinguished itself during the Polish stuggle, was Constantine's favorite. When the Poles were beating the Russians in the streets of Warsaw at the breaking out of the revolution, this singular being called out, with pride, to his countrymen, "Do you see the effects of my drilling?" But you will be more surprised when you see my 4th regiment fighting against you." This celebrated regiment, although repeatedly cut to pieces was always at its full complement, from the accession of volunteers. A young officer being asked whether he did not belong to the Glorious 4th, "Yes," he replied, "but of the third edition."

A dentist in a country town gives his address at "the Debtors Prison," where, he assures his customers, they may rely upon always finding him at home. Probably he would be better pleased if they were to find him out.

It is now decided that Leopold shall marry the Princess Mary of France. The Princess is said to be a fine-looking woman, with a resemblance to the late Princess Charlotte. She is not quite twenty years of age. Allied to two of the most powerful monarchs of Europe—offered one throne—seated on another—and all this for one that some twenty years ago was a simple captain of a German troop of horse,—verily Leopold is fortune's child.

THE SHOP.—At a late dinner at the Mansion-house, three foreign Consuls were present, to whom the Lord Mayor wished to do honor by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toast-proclaimer to announce "the healths of the three present Consuls." He, however, mistaking the words, gave out the following:—"The Lord Mayor drinks the three per cent Consuls!" *New Sporting Magazine.*

POLITICAL PUNS.—Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a state to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice:—The chevaliers during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crum of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send this *Crum well* down!" A royalist divine, during the protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver. "O Lord, who has put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, *put it into his heart* also—to do according to thy word." He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under tone.

BURIED AT LAST.—A woman was buried on Wednesday last at Islington, who had been dead upwards of five years, a near relation having left an annuity of £30 a year, to be paid "*as long as she should remain on earth*." In consequense of this legacy her surviving husband hired a little room over a stable, in the neighborhood, where she was kept in a coffin till his death.

The Mayor of Norwich and a party of friends, somewhat flushed with the juice of the Tuscan grape, having gone to the Theatre a few years ago, to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Richard III.* they entered the house just as *Richard* exclaimed, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" when one of the gentleman facetiously replied, "I have not a horse, but (clapping his hand upon the shoulder of the Chief Magistrate) here is a *Mayor*, if that will do for you!" It is almost superfluous to add that this response had a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the audience.

HOW TO MAKE A PAIR OF BOOTS.—A new way to get booted was put in practice yesterday, in Grafton street, by a fellow on the spur of the moment:—An exquisite (apparently) entered a respectable boot maker's shop, and called for a pair of *Ex-Minister's* (meaning we suppose Wellington's) he was instantly cased in the regular shiners, which he lugged on with infinite complacency, declaring they must have been made in a moment of enthusiasm, for they were the artists most accomplished effort. His hat lay on the counter. A man doubtless a confederate, rushed in, seized it, and ran off. The boot maker, thunderstruck at the robber's boldness, besought the beau to pursue the fellow: he did so, and nimbly too, laughing most heartily at the time. Neither of the partners in trade have since been heard of. He left behind him a "shocking bad" pair of shoes, for which he has not yet sent, neither did he say where they should be returned to.

CHARACTER OF THE FLY.—Imagine the endeavor to *tame a fly!* It is obvious that there is no getting at him; he does not comprehend you; he knows nothing about you; it is doubtful, in spite of its large eyes, whether he ever sees you, or at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose. He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he is done. Thumping (if you could get some fairy stick that would do it with impugnity) would have no effect on a creature who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.—*New Monthly Mag.*

KILLING NO MURDER.—"I'd kill him," said one young lady to another, "I'd kill him, if he served me so!" "Oh, but you would not commit murder, would you?" "No, but I'd kill him so that he would not breathe for one minute, I know."—*Lowell Compend.*

Miscellaneous.

VAUXHALL GARDEN.

THIS delightful Garden is now open tor the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully sate, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedheim, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

Tableaux Vivans.

Atheneum Rooms, cor. of Broadway and Prince st.

THE exhibition of animated portraits, together with many more optical illusions, will open for the first time to the public on Monday, 18th inst., to continue every clear day, from 11 to 5 o'clock (Sundays excepted.) Entrance in Pine street. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.

R. N. WHITE,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. WM. HIGG,
25 Nassau St.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
AND
LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
A WEEKLY
SPORTING PAPER,
ON THE PLAN OF
Bell's Life in London,
ENLARGED
TO THE LARGEST CLASS IMPERIAL
The only similar Publication in the U. States;

Devoted to The TURF, The CHASE, The ANGLER, The HUNTER;—Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports and Scenes of Real Life.

TERMS.

Three dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Four dollars if not paid within Six months,
Five dollars if not paid

GENERAL TRAVELLING AGENT,
H. G. DAGGERS.
AGENTS.

Albany, N. Y., J. L. Hosford, Esq.
Abingdon, Va. Logan & Hamilton.
Aspalaga, E. Florida, O. C. Raymond, Esq.
Augusta, Ga. A. H. Pemberton, Esq.
Athens, Ga. Albin Chase, Esq.
Baltimore, Md. S. J. Sylvester & Co.
Beaufort, S.C. Wm. H. Taber, Esq.
Burlington, N. J. F. Woolman.
Boston, Mass. Emerson & Harvey, 6 Market st.
Ballston Spa, N. Y. James Comstock, Esq.
Brownsville, Pa. Jackman & Brown.
Bel-Air, Md. M'Kenney & Elliot.
Charleston, S. C. } O. A. Roorbach, 296 King-st.
} S. A. Babcock & Co.
Campbellton, Florida, Post Master.
Camden, S. C. Eds. Journal.
Castleton, Vt. Geo. C. Smith, Esq.
Canisteo, N. Y. James Russell, Esq.
Catskill, N. Y., J. P. Norman, Esq.
Columbia, S. C. J. R. & W. Cunningham.
Cynthiana, Ky. Austin Cargill, Esq.
Columbus, Ind. Lawson L. Dunkin, Esq.
Cooks P. O. Fairfield Co., Wm. R. Hagood, Esq.
Edgefield C. H., S. C. Edward Phelps, Esq.
Erie, Pa. H. L. Harvey, Esq.
Ellesville, N. C. Post Master.
Farmville, Va. Geo. P. Knauff.
Franklin, Missouri—Diogenes Wetmore, Esq
Frederick, Md. J. M. Harding.
Germantown, Pa. P. R. Freas, Esq.
Hagerstown, Md. H. Kennedy, Esq.
Hopewell, N. J. Geo. W. Blackwell, Esq.
Huntsville, Ala. P. T. Posey.
Ithica, N. Y. Asa B. Clark,
Jeffress' Store, Va. L. C. Jeffress, Esq.
Kingston, U. Canada, Henry Smith, Esq.
Knowlesville, N. Y., H. D. Doolittle.
Lancaster, O. P. V. Trump, Esq.
Lewistown, Pa. Jas. M'Culley, Esq.
Lexington, Ky. Thos. T. Bradford, Esq.
Lowell, Mass. B. F. Fellows, M. D.
Maysville, Ky. Wm. E. Bartlett, Esq.
Malone, N. Y. Geo. P. Allen.
Mobile, Ala. T. Sandford, Esq.
Milton, Mass. N. Wyeth, Esq.
Middlebury, Vt. A. Bennett,
Montpelier, Vt. Geo. W. Hill, Esq.
Morristown, N. J. S. P. Hull, Esq.
New-Orleans, La., Hotchkiss & Co. 6 Canal-st.
Newburgh, N. Y. Jos. French, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn. Jas. Graham, Esq.
Newark, N. J. Amos Holbrook.
New-Bedford, Mass. Wm. Howe.
Philadelphia, Pa. } Wm. G. E. Agnew, Esq.
} 15 South Second st.
Pocksakill, N. Y. S. Huestis.
Portland, Me. Samuel Colman
Plattsburgh, N. Y. Geo. Lynde, Esq.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. John T. Lewis, Esq.
Pittsburgh, Pa. S. J. Sylvester.
Providence, R. I. Josiah Jones, Esq.
Richmond, Va. Jas. G. Watson.
Rogersville, E. Tenn. W. B. Mitchell. Esq.
Sacket's Harbor, N. Y. James Howe, Esq.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y. G. M. Davison, Esq.
Savannah, Geo. Editors Georgian.
Selma, Ala. Cannte & Bonnell.
Stokeley, Tenn. A. H. White. Esq.
Troy, N. Y., Caldwell & Co.
Triana, Indiana, Chas. Mason, Esq.
Taberg, N. Y. R. Hyde, Esq.
Tolland, Ct. H. W. Greene, Esq.
Waterford, Pa. W. T. Macky.
Wheeling, Va. Clarke & Cook
Woodstock, Vt. Francis T. Porter.
Worcester, Mass. M. W. Grout, Esq.
Zanesville, O. Parke & Parnele.

☞ *Agents or Others are allowed one paper gratis for five responsible Subscribers, or they may retain a commission of 12 pr cent, when the money is remitted in advance. Agents on these terms will be held responsible for every one for whom they may order one paper.*

Address, (post-paid or left at the Post-Office,)
WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
No. 35 WALL-STREET, New-York

Sporting Stores.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes—do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

ALSO, the Scientific Self-defender. (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

**** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 11-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick and other fishing quality. Hoops Nets—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nettes—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Leading and Skiring Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church.

**** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Amusements.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum, during the four nights of the performance of Mr. KENDALL, the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet-toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him *the first four nights of each week* until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in fine health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is set with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being, at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state, and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still farther, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Oil and Fluid with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely with new and splendid improvements. Orders with Without Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, produced from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Hovth Light-house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 2000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night-air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

FRIENDSHIP TAVERN,

BY Mrs. Williams, 42 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

HARMONIA CŒLESTIS.

CONCERTS on the above Instrument will be given every evening, at Concert Hall, 406 Broadway. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of admittance 50 cents, to be had at the Hall. Particulars in Bills.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE.

MERCHANTS and others, wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good reference, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency Office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham-square.

As no other will be furnished from this office clerks and all others wishing to obtain employment to any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations by applying at the above office.

Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK—Being a complete Encyclopedia, comprehending all valuable receipts for cooking Meat, Fish, and Fowl and comprising every kind of Soup, Gravy, Pastry, Preserves, Essences, &c. that have been published or invented during the last twenty years, with numerous original receipts and a complete system of Confectionary, this day published and for sale by Wm. STODART, 6 Courtlandt-st.

EDWARDS ON REVIVALS.

A NEAT and Handsome Edition on fine linen paper 1 vol. 8vo. with a full general Index, and a portrait of the author.

A fresh supply of Writing paper, Letter and Cap, Folio Post, Wrapping paper large and small, with a good assortment of *Stationary* at Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest Cash prices, for sale by DUNNING & SPALDING,
60 William Street.

CANES.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

PRIZE OFFICE,
144 Broadway.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

A. COX, JR.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY.

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl1 4

HAIR-DRESSER.

ANTHONY BOUTETTE, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer, No. 44 CANAL St. 4 doors east of Broadway. Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of *Perfumery* which he offers on the lowest terms.

His improved composition for coloring the Hair to a beautiful Brown, is well worthy the notice of the Public.

N. B. Razors put in complete order at the shortest notice.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

WANTED,

A plov clerk, or assistance of any description, with good references, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham Square, as no other will be furnished from this office. Clerks, and all others wishing to obtain employment in any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations, by applying at the above office. Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

☞ No charge if not procured.

Booksellers, Jewellers,

AND DEALERS IN
FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest) for retailing, are informed that they can always procure at the OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY of

Fine Pocket Books, Card-cases, &c.

from the subscriber's *GREAT ASSORTMENT* of

170 KINDS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

At the lowest possible market price—carrying according to quality, from 50 cents to $10 per doz.

LOOK FOR
T. BUSSING, *Manufacturer,*
70 WILLIAM STREET, New-York

PHYSICIANS LIVERY STABLE

A. COX, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a Livery Stable corner of Broadway and Catherine Lane, (entrance in Catherine Lane) where physicians and others can have their horses kept in the best order. A man will be in attendance at all hours, to wait on gentlemen at their dwellings. Inquire at the Stable, or at the proprietor's Steam Scouring Establishment, 80 Cedar street, one door east of Broadway. je 9

LAW OFFICE.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusets, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used or recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 497 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

WANTED ALSO,

A young or middle-aged man as a partner in a safe, pleasant, and profitable business, the capital required is only $350 and the Business is worth $1500 per annum. Apply to J. GREEN & Co. 497 Pearl street.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 495 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

R. H. ELTON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

Periodical Works.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER,
AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED in Baltimore, Md. by J. S. SKINNER, Editor and Proprietor.

To all lovers of field sports the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine ought to be extremely acceptable, and as the Editor flatters himself, useful to the rising generation, in drawing them off from gaming and other vicious amusements—but to all breeders or amateurs of the *horse* it would seem to be indispensable, from the circumstance that they must refer to it for the likeness, history and performances of the most celebrated, and the pedigrees of all thoroughbred horses, as well as for the best instructions on breeding, breaking to the saddle and harness, management in sickness and in health, feeding, training, shoeing, &c. &c.

CONDITIONS.—The Sporting Magazine is published monthly. Each number consists of about 50 pages, embellished with beautiful engravings—price $5 per annum, to be paid in advance, by mail, at the risk of the Editor.

**** Persons procuring six subscribers, and sending the money, will be entitled to one year's subscription gratis—and so in proportion for a larger number.

☞ JOHN H. GOUDIE, at the Post Office, is Agent for the city of New-York.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts: embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. WEIR.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood*, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music*; arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of *the most choice and rare pieces*, which, although occupying little room after a long experience most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of this disease, are merely the effects of a long continuent course of *Mercury*.—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug*, by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Immortal Abernethy, in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury*. All cases undertaken will be guarranteed to be effectually and permanently healed.

☞ Medicine will be sent to any part of the country, by persons writing describing the disease, and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

**** *Letters must be post paid.* ll a4

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

TO EMIGRANTS.

FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street, (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port, goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the miles to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or